

Sports Illustrated



SEPTEMBER 22, 1980 \$1.50

**PRIDE
OF THE
LIONS**

**Detroit's
Super Rookie
Billy Sims**





Legends are made, not born.

The legendary Jeep vehicles have been protecting forests, transporting troops, delivering mail, plowing snow, winning races and weathering storms longer than a lot of vehicles have even existed.

They've given American drivers more outward mobility, rugged performance and pure fun than any single car in history. And they've held onto their value like they've held onto their legendary design, transcending passing styles for more than a quarter of a century. But today's Jeep CJ is more than its famous four wheels driving into the sunset. It's



*Figures are for comparison. Your results may differ due to driving speed, weather conditions and trip length. Actual highway



the option of contoured buckets, room for four, carpeting, air conditioning, stereo... hard top, soft top, no top at all. And something you'll appreciate every time you drive: more miles per gallon than any 4-wheeler made in America.* No other vehicle can meet your demands and desires in quite the same way.

Jeep CJ wasn't born a legend. It earned the respect of the world's toughest drivers, and keeps on earning it. On wilderness trails and unplowed streets. On the job and out on the town. That's why the legend lives on.

 **Jeep**
AT AMERICAN MOTORS

mileage will be less. California mileage will be different. * Jeep Corporation, a subsidiary of American Motors Corporation.

Introducing Cambridge Box:

No cigarette has ever been lower in tar.

Cambridge

Box: Less than 0.1 mg tar.



Cambridge Soft Pack: For easy-drawing smoking satisfaction in an ultra low tar cigarette. Only 1 mg tar.

Cambridge 100's: For satisfying tobacco taste in a longer length, ultra low tar cigarette. Only 4 mg tar.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1993

Box: Less than 0.1 mg "tar," 0.01 mg nicotine—Soft Pack: 1 mg "tar," 0.1 mg nicotine—100's: 4 mg "tar," 0.4 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Sports Illustrated Subscriber Service.

PLACE
LABEL
HERE

Change of address? Please give us 4 weeks advance notice. Attach the label for your old address, write in your new address below.

Entering a new subscription? Check the box and fill in your name below. (To order gift subscriptions, please attach a separate sheet.)

Renewing? Check the box below and be sure your mailing label address is correct.

Listing/Unlisting service? Occasionally, we make our mailing list available to other Time Inc. divisions and reputable organizations whose products or services may be of interest to you. If you prefer to have your name added or removed from this list, check the appropriate box below and attach your mailing label.

**PLEASE SEND
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
FOR 1 YEAR AT \$36.**

- ☐ New subscription ☐ Renewal
☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me later
☐ Please add my name to your mailing list
☐ Please remove my name from your mailing list

Name _____ Apt. No. _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State/Province _____ Zip/Post Code _____
 Telephone Number () _____
 area code number

For even faster service, phone toll-free
 800-621-6290 (in Illinois, 800-972-8302).
 Mail to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 541 N. Fairbanks
 Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Subscription price in
 the U.S., Canada, Puerto Rico and the Caribbean
 Islands \$36 a year. All others \$40 a year.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Fourteen pages of this issue are devoted to remarkable portraits of a number of Muhammad Ali's opponents as they look today, most of them familiar only to the most avid readers of *The Ring Record Book*. In the 20 years since the first of these fighters stood toe to toe with young Cassius Clay, all have quit boxing, and it took diligent tracking by British photographer Michael Brennan, 37, to locate some of them.

Brennan got the idea of limning Ali's



BRENNAN: A BOXING BLOODHOUND

professional career through interviews and pictures of his opponents while in Houston to photograph former champion George Foreman. "Foreman had taken up preaching, and I got to wondering what had happened to some of the others," Brennan says. So he packed his deerstalker and pocket tape recorder, leaving behind what he remembers as "too many dreary Saturday afternoons snapping pictures at British soccer grounds," to set out on what would be a two-year quest.

He started in Kentucky—Louisville was the site of Ali's professional debut—and locked out when the first Hunsaker he picked from the Princeton, Ky. directory led him to his man. A sweet female voice informed him that Ali's first opponent was now a police chief in West Virginia. The owner of the voice should've known—the was

Tunney Hunsaker's mother. "Elementary, my dear Brennan," Michael thought to himself. Which he soon discovered it wasn't.

He found opponent No. 2, Herb Siler, in a Dade County, Fla. correctional facility, and No. 3, Tony Espartero, in an Immokalee, Fla. jail. Brennan learned from Siler that No. 4, Jim Robinson, was living somewhere in northwest Miami, the scene of the recent riots. "Not an area where you go unprotected," Brennan says. "I wasn't too charged up about cruising the streets in hopes of running into Sweet Jimmy, but I made three anxious trips anyway, to no avail. Finally I just waited for Siler to get out on parole to do the fancy footwork for me."

When Brennan took off for Honolulu, in pursuit of No. 7, Duke Sabedong, he was greeted at the airport by a tall, thin man in a floral shirt who was draping leis about tourists' necks; it wasn't until days later that Brennan discovered that the man was Sabedong Ah, for the nose of a bloodhound.

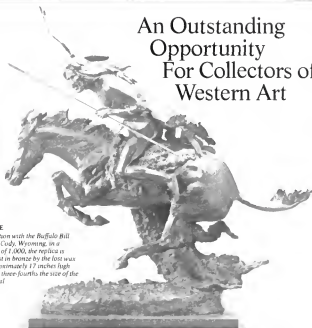
Buster Mathis wasn't easy, either. Forty phone calls and a lot of confusing leads from a dozen protective buddies finally led Brennan to him—on a truck-loading platform in Grand Rapids at four in the morning. As for Billy Daniels, "I've yet to locate him," Brennan says. "He's supposed to be a barber in Queens or a meat packer in St. Louis."

The frustrations have been many, to say the least, but Brennan expects times will be even tougher when Ali really does retire. "I've been so wrapped up in this, I don't know what I'll do."

Ali himself has advised against one career. When Brennan showed up for a recent photo session with Ali, he was sporting a pair of shiners he had received the night before in a barroom brawl. "Taking up fighting, Limey boy?" Ali said. "Better stick to taking pictures, 'cause it sure looks to me like you ain't doing too good at this game."

Philip D. Hunsaker

An Outstanding Opportunity For Collectors of Western Art



THE CHEYENNE

Issued in cooperation with the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming, in a numbered edition of 1,000, the replica is hand finished, cast in bronze by the lost wax process. It is approximately 17 inches high with walnut base, three-fourths the size of the Remington original.

Museum Collections Inc. Announces The Third In A Series of Museum Quality Replicas Of Frederic Remington's Incomparable Bronzes

THE CHEYENNE — REMINGTON'S HOMAGE TO A VANQUISHED HERO OF THE AMERICAN PAST

The Cheyenne, which Remington sculpted in 1901, was Remington's admiring tribute to the past glory and courage of the Indian warrior.

Though frozen forever in bronze, *The Cheyenne* and his spirited pony appear to be in motion. As Remington himself said — they are "cutting the air" — all four of the horse's hooves are off the ground, and the bareback rider leans into the wind in perfect harmony with his mount.

Like our two earlier limited edition Remington bronze replicas — *The Bronco Buster* and *The Outlaw* — *The Cheyenne* is faithful to the original in every detail.

THE REPLICA IS THREE-FOURTHS THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL, APPROXIMATELY 17 INCHES HIGH WITH WALNUT BASE.

The Cheyenne, in edition of 1,000, is scaled to three-fourths the size of the original, foundry marked and dated, to

avoid its ever being mistaken for one of the originals.

The replica is modeled from number 9 of Remington's approximately 50 casts of *The Cheyenne*, poured at the Roman Bronze Works under Remington's supervision. *The Cheyenne* was the first full edition of his bronzes to be cast by the lost wax process.

THE QUALITY OF THIS REPLICA EDITION IS GUARANTEED

The model for the edition has been approved by the trustees of the Buffalo Bill Historical Center. As each bronze is cast it is carefully inspected by our own experts at Museum Collections Inc. to assure that it meets our exacting standards of quality.

A REMARKABLE VALUE IN TODAY'S INFLATED ART MARKET

At a time when bronzes of lesser quality are selling at prices in the thousands, this edition is offered to collectors at \$1575. Each bronze is accompanied by a Certificate of Ownership signed by the director of the Buffalo Bill Historical

Center, and your purchase is registered permanently in your name in the archives of the Center.

GUARANTEED REPURCHASE AGREEMENT
Museum Collections Inc. unconditionally guarantees to repurchase your bronze at the issue price of \$1575 any time within one year of your purchase.

TO ORDER, CALL TOLL FREE:

800-243-4492, or write, Elizabeth S. Krieger, Director, Museum Collections Inc., Dept. S1922, 140 Greenwich Ave., Greenwich, CT 06830 for illustrated brochure. Issue price, \$1575. You may reserve the next available numbered bronze by sending us your check now. Major credit cards honored. A five-month payment plan may be arranged. We urge you to take prompt action.

museum collections inc.
A TIME INC. COMPANY



Environmental activist Tom McAuliffe:

"When it comes to cleaning air, I'll match this Bethlehem 'dust catcher' against any in the steel industry."

Tom McAuliffe, a combustion engineer at Bethlehem's Steelton, Pa., plant, "just grew" into his environmentalist role...as did many of the thousand other people whose jobs keep them active in Bethlehem Steel's environmental control program.

As Tom explains it: "The fuel department has always been involved with water mains and air ducts. So it was only natural for our department to take over the plant's efforts to control air and water pollution."

"Back in the sixties, the plant changed over to electric furnaces and immediately installed its first baghouse. That \$2½ million system still collects about 85 percent of the emissions generated by the steel-making operation."

Baghouses operate like giant vacuum cleaners. Huge fans pull the dust-laden air through filter bags. The 5,000 bags hanging in No. 2 baghouse, each a foot in diameter and 33 feet long, filter 1,600,000 cubic feet of air every minute. The bags are shaken periodically, causing the particles trapped in the bags to fall into bins. The particles are then collected, pelletized, and disposed of on a plant-site landfill.

But in the early seventies, the EPA came up with tougher clean-air targets. And that's when Tom "really got involved."

"From day one," he remembers, "I lived with the No. 2 baghouse project. I was involved in everything... design, engineering, construction, start-up, everything. We built it 'top of the line,' and it shows."

"The original baghouse collects the particles in the air that's pulled out of the furnaces. What it doesn't get are the particles that escape when the furnace cover is off, or that leak out through the cover from the spaces around the electrodes. That's the job of baghouse No. 2. When those particles rise with the hot air to the peak of the roof, they're drawn into No. 2 baghouse where they're filtered out of the air and collected."

Five times as much money (and a lot more energy) to collect one-sixth as much dust

"No. 2 baghouse cost about five times what No. 1 cost — \$13 million versus \$2½ million. It's six times larger and pulls six times more air through its bags every minute. But in all that air there's only one-sixth the amount of dust that's in the air cleaned by No. 1."

"Both baghouses run all the time the furnaces are working and together pick up better than 98 percent of the emissions."

Bethlehem's commitment: to do what is necessary to protect public health

Tremendous improvements have already been made in the environmental area, but at tremendous cost. At Bethlehem, for example, we've already spent \$700 million for pollution control equipment at our various operations.

We're committed to continue with programs that will control approximately 95 percent of our pollutant emissions and discharges. But we also believe there's a limit. To require industry to remove the last traces of pollution, to "purify" the air and water beyond what is necessary to protect public health, does not make good economic or energy sense.

Our position is clearly explained in our booklet *Steelmaking and the Environment*, which includes our *Statement on Environmental Quality Control*. If you would like a copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., 476 Martin Tower, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem 



classic
impact...
timeless
traditional
'natural'
styling.



in leading
stores
throughout
the U.S.

ADAMS
Pennsylvania,
Massachusetts

WALL STREET
Virginia,
District of Columbia

ANDERS
Maryland, Pennsylvania,
Kansas, Tennessee,
Washington

WINDSOR SHOP
New York

HARVEY CANNON,
MILTON'S
North Carolina

SINON SO SOUS,
JOE COLLETTI
Massachusetts

LA BICHE'S
Louisiana

BILL PRESSMAN'S
Florida

Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau



Nothing brightens up an audience like a star from the world of sport. And the Sports Illustrated Speakers Bureau has 2000 of them ready to sparkle at sales meetings, award dinners, conventions, store openings or wherever else the color and excitement of sports can help you shine.

For more information contact Keith Morris, Director, SI Athletes Service Program and Speakers Bureau, Time & Life Bldg., New York, N.Y. 10020. (212) 841-3338-9



"The best tennis book ever written."

—Wall Street Journal

Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future

Vic Braden
and
Bill Bruns

**NOW IN
PAPERBACK!**


\$9.95

With over 200 photographs and illustrations
A Sports Illustrated Book

Published by

Little, Brown

Nancy Bruns



**HBO PEOPLE
ARE GETTING
"10" AND 20
OTHER BIG HITS
FOR LESS THAN
THE COST
OF TAKING THEIR
FAMILY TO
A SINGLE MOVIE.
WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING?**

Every month HBO people see blockbuster movies and blockbuster stars like Sylvester Stallone in *Rocky II*, Al Pacino in "... And Justice For All," Nick Nolte and Mac Davis in *North Dallas Forty*, Clint Eastwood in *Every Which Way But Loose*. And lots more.

They see dazzling entertainment specials and exclusive sports, too. The big events people stand in line to see. And they get them all, each month, for less than the cost of taking their family to a single movie.

Don't miss out. Now's the time to call your local cable company or authorized HBO distributor and sign up for America's finest entertainment value.

**HBO PEOPLE
DON'T MISS OUT.**

HEO
HOME BOX OFFICE

HBO is available in areas served by cable, TV, and selected apartment buildings and private residences. For more information, write HBO, Time Life Bldg., N.Y., N.Y. 10020. © 1980 Home Box Office Inc.

VIEWPOINT

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

THE BIRD AND FRIENDS MAY ANNOY YOU,
BUT CONSIDER WHAT THEY MEAN TO ME

The pleasures of baseball in Baltimore are, to my hitherto biased mind, infinite. I like the Orioles themselves, a group of interesting young men who play in an interesting way, but I also like the silver joys of life in Memorial Stadium. John Denver's *Thank God I'm a Country Boy* twanging over the loudspeakers in the seventh-inning stretch, public-address announcer Rex Barney (yes, the Rex Barney) bellowing "Give that fan a contract" after a good play in the stands, Wild Bill Hays leading the boozy cheers from Section 34.

And I like the Bird. The Bird is that fellow dressed up in a feathery outfit who prances around the ball park before games and between innings. He kisses little old ladies, steals umpires' caps, dances to *Country Boy* on the dugout roof and generally makes an agreeable fool of himself.

The Bird is no *rara avis*. Dating back (in my memory at least) to Chief Noc-A-Hoo of the Atlanta Braves, baseball clubs in growing numbers have adopted mascots in hopes of adding a touch of show biz to a game often—and unfairly—criticized for being too slow or dull. This is a trend that doesn't sit well with some of the deeper thinkers who follow the game.

I think in particular of Roger Angell and Ari Hill. My admiration for their writing knows no bounds; it doesn't even know a centerfield fence. But on the subject of mascots, they and I part company.

Here is Angell, in a New Yorker article published last spring as the baseball season was getting under way: "Over the winter, I almost managed to forget about the abominable plague of man-size leaping chickens, clownish penguins, waltzing orioles, animated baseballs, and other, less identifiable cuddly or comical creatures with protruding tongues or fuzzy feelers that cavorted in the aisles and on dugout roofs or sometimes out on the field as so many ball parks last year, supposedly diverting us all from the horrid possibility of experiencing a moment of boredom or lassitude during the pauses of baseball, which once seemed to constitute the musical rests in the symphony of the game."

And here is Hill, writing in his new book *I Don't Care If I Never Come Back* (SL, June 16) about the scene in Montreal's Olympic Stadium: "through it all gambols Yocopp (or Jooppil), the lovable little clown who symbolizes Montreal's total alienation from the spirit of baseball past. He leads cheers, which is hardly necessary because Montreal fans

cheer too much anyway. (They are like Southerners when they saw their first hockey games, applauding every time the goalie stopped a dying shot fired from the far end of the ice.) He interferes with players warming up. He struts around spring the umpires. Like a dead animal in a formal garden, or an ink stain on a damask tablecloth, he befouls the dignity and beauty of the game."

Hey! What's going on here? I thought we were talking about baseball, a game played by grown-up boys (some of them louts) in stadiums populated by beer-swilling, hot-dog-munching folks in T-shirts and dungarees. Obviously I was wrong. When Angell says he's going to Yankee Stadium, he's actually heading for Philharmonic Hall (in his tuxedo?) for a performance of Beethoven's Ninth. When Hill makes his way to Tiger Stadium, surely when he attends (in his tuxedo?) is a state dinner at the White House for Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

I didn't know, until now, that baseball was a symphony or a damask tablecloth or a religious ceremony. I thought baseball was, well, a game. Isn't that what they used to tell us? "It's only a game!" Sure, I realized that the game had symbolic overtones, and at book reviews written over a number of years I'd celebrated its use, for various thematic purposes, by many writers of serious fiction. But serious is one thing; solemn is another.

And solemn is exactly what Angell and Hill are being. They're letting their devotion to baseball's past blind them to the realities of baseball's present. Yes, they're right that the mascot bribe can be earned too far—and if it interferes with the game, that's too far. But if it's just a break between innings, something to stir up the crowd and give the little kids a laugh, what possible harm can come of that?

Like it or not, baseball is in fierce competition—with other spectator sports, with recreational activities, with show biz—for people's loyalties and dollars. As a baseball fan, I'd like to see the game win its full share, if a mascot or a Tankard Night or an exploding scoreboard helps bring people into the park, that's fine with me. The great old game will not, so far as I can tell, be any the worse for it.

One final note about the Bird: the kids love him. One recent Sunday I took the girl next door to an Oriole game. Mary is eight years old. She thinks the Orioles are wonderful, but she knows very little about baseball. I tried to explain the action, but she was clearly bored. Then, toward the middle of the game, the Bird came on and did his number. Mary was delighted and entranced—and after the Bird departed, her interest in the game perked up considerably.

I think the Bird will lure Mary back to Memorial Stadium. In time, I think, she will realize that it is baseball, not the Bird, that matters. But if the Bird helps her get the baseball habit, then I say, bring on the Bird. **END**



Own a bottle.

It's worth the price to have at least one thing in your life that's absolutely perfect. Tanqueray Gin, a singular experience.

The Trimline telephone puts the whole phone in your hand.



It's the perfect bedroom phone. The dial and the disconnect button are in the handset. So you can stay in bed and make as many calls as you want and never reach back to the base. Not to dial. Not to hang up between calls.

Its compact size is just right for your night table. And you can choose from a variety of optional cord lengths.



It's perfect for convenience and good looks. The dial lights up so you can see what you're doing at night. And you can choose from 10 decorator colors, including new rust and chocolate brown.

Most colors are available with rotary or Touch-Tone® calling.

It's the ultimate in convenience. Everything you need to make call after call is in your hand.

And you know you can rely on your Trimline® phone. It's made by Western Electric with all the reliability you expect from genuine Bell products.

Get the Trimline phone that's just right for you at your Bell PhoneCenter Store. And put the whole phone in your hand.



trimline

by Western Electric



IT'S FOR YOU

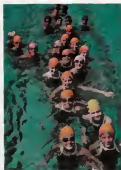


"I get all animal-like before a race"

—Tony "The Tiger" Weiss, age 9, Sears-AAU Junior Olympics Swimmer

Tony got his nickname because he roars through the water. But after the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, the Tiger had to roar home for a piano lesson.

Discover how this remarkable athletic program offers Tony—and millions of other youngsters—a healthy perspective on competition.



There's certainly nothing unusual about an exuberant nine-year-old. But what happens when you fill a whole pool with them? The name of Tony's team (above) will give you

a clue: They call themselves the Miami Hurricanes.

All along the Florida coast, the Hurricanes are known for the awesome number of victories they've amassed. And for the fun they've had doing it.

"We like each other a lot," explains Tony, bobbing up fourth from the top. "So we really pull together as a team."

This year, millions of boys and girls, 8-18, will pull together like the Hurricanes in the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics. Many of the 17 sports in America's largest amateur athletic program are team sports. So teamwork is an essential ingredient in the over 2,000 local, state, regional and national contests that make up the Junior Olympics.

Encouraging Foghorn

"You can't win a relay all by yourself," says Tony. "So you do all you can to help your teammates, even if it's just cheering at the top of your lungs." (One Hurricane reports that Tony has a voice like a foghorn when he gets all "animal-like.")

It's enthusiasm such as this that helped sweep the Hurricanes to a first place finish in this Junior

Olympics regional meet. And sent the Tiger roaring off to his piano lesson with two first place medals tucked away.

Sears has teamed up with the AAU to sponsor the Junior Olympics because we believe in

Junior Olympics Sports

The Junior Olympics, America's largest program for young athletes, consists of over 2,000 local, state, regional and national meets in which they compete in their own age groups in the following sports:

Basketball	Swimming
Baseball/Softball	Synchronized Swimming
Boxing	Track and Field
Cano/Kayaking	Trampoline and Tumbling
Canoeing	Volleyball
Diving	Water Polo
Gymnastics	Weightlifting
Judo	Wrestling
Pre-Olympics	



The entire program is coordinated by the Amateur Athletic Union (AAU) and sponsored nationally by Sears, Roebuck and Co. If you'd like to know more about the Junior Olympics or join the thousands of your town who make it happen, write: Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, Dept. T03 J0-4, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Sears Tower, Chicago, Illinois 60604.

the basic AAU ideal—to develop amateur athletes the American way, as private citizens in towns and cities all across the land.

It may sound corny, but we believe this will do more than help kids like Tony roar through the water. It will help them roar through life.

Sears

Sears, Roebuck and Co. has been the sole national corporate sponsor of the AAU Junior Olympics since 1977.

Don't let that cherubic smile fool you. Tony "The Tiger" Weiss is getting himself "animal-like" before he and his Hurricane teammates swim in a Junior Olympics meet. Swimming is just one of 17 sports in the Junior Olympics, the largest of all America's amateur athletic programs.

If you die tomorrow, could your family afford to stay in their home?

Here's how a Nationwide Mortgage Protection Plan can help you make sure.



If you die, this Nationwide Life Insurance policy can provide the funds to pay off your mortgage in full *immediately*, saving your family the principal, the future interest and their home.

And right now, it's one of your best buys in life insurance. Because Nationwide has lowered its rates on all Mortgage

Protection Life policies of \$25,000 or more.

Chances are the younger you are, the larger your mortgage balance. But the younger you are, the lower your premiums probably would be for Nationwide Mortgage Protection Life Insurance.

And your premiums won't increase as you grow older. You'll know exactly what you'll pay each month for the life of your policy.

So help make sure your family won't ever have to move away from their home, their friends and schools.

Call a Nationwide Agent today and secure your home with a Nationwide Mortgage Protection Plan. Next to you, it's the best security your family can have. Nationwide is on your side.



**NATIONWIDE
INSURANCE**

Nationwide is on your side

Nationwide Life Insurance Company
Home Office:
One Nationwide Plaza
Columbus, Ohio 43216

An Equal Opportunity Employer

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM

LAW AND DISORDER

It wasn't just Ferguson Jenkins that Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn suspended last week. He suspended logic, too. Kuhn said he was sidelining Jenkins, who pitches for the Texas Rangers, indefinitely because Jenkins had refused to answer questions from the commissioner's office about his Aug. 25 arrest after cocaine, marijuana and bushwhacker were allegedly found in his luggage at the airport in Toronto, where the Rangers had traveled to play the Blue Jays. Jenkins declined to talk on advice of his lawyer, who feared the player might thereby prejudice his case, which is scheduled for trial in an Ontario court on Dec. 18. Seemingly acknowledging that Jenkins' position had some validity, Kuhn said that while he was ordering the player out of uniform, he was also asking the Texas club to continue paying his salary. Thus, the commissioner said, "should make clear that my action is in no sense intended to be punitive."

But the suspension is just that: Ferguson is a Hall of Fame candidate who, with 259 career victories to his credit—his record this season is 12-10—has a shot at 300 wins, a milestone no pitcher has reached since 1963. At 36, Jenkins can squander few opportunities if he hopes to achieve that goal, and he would have had perhaps five more starts had he not been suspended. Kuhn's action also hurts Jenkins' team. Although the Rangers can't catch Kansas City in the American League West, they are in a dogfight for second place, with both pride and share money at stake. By depriving Texas of the use of Jenkins' right arm, Kuhn is meting out a very real punishment—before any wrongdoing has been determined in a court of law.

By tradition, Kuhn and the other pro sports commissioners have often taken it upon themselves to discipline athletes. And in certain instances they should become even more zealous—for example, in dealing with violence during games and with certain off-the-field activities,

such as betting on games, that directly threaten a sport's integrity. It's a different matter, though, when the offenses don't have anything to do with the sport or, more important, are amply covered by the laws of society. But it's not enough, it seems, that an athlete is convicted and sentenced under the criminal justice system. The commissioner has to exact his pound of judicial flesh, too, by righteously leveling a fine or a suspension. Trouble is, by heaping new penalties on top of those already imposed by the courts, the commissioners put miscreants in something akin to double jeopardy—being punished twice for the same offense. The commissioners also leave the no doubt unintended impression that they lack faith in the judicial process.

Disciplining somebody already convicted in court is troubling enough. But because it deals with a case still before the courts, Kuhn's suspension of Jenkins is even harder to justify. Edward Greenspan, the Toronto attorney who is representing Jenkins, points out that if his client had answered questions about his case, as the commissioner's office requested, legal steps might have been taken by Canadian prosecutors to compel disclosure of his testimony. Thus, in a sense, Kuhn was trying to coerce Jenkins into incriminating himself, which an individual is entitled to refuse to do under both U.S. and Canadian law. Noting that Kuhn is a lawyer, Greenspan said, "It's taught at all law schools that a man has a right to remain silent. Kuhn must have missed that lecture." The Major League Baseball Players Association filed a grievance in Jenkins' behalf, and Marvin Miller, its executive director, accused Kuhn of having "reversed one of our most fundamental principles. He has said you are guilty until proven innocent." Invited by SI to respond to that and other complaints, Kuhn said he didn't want to talk while the grievance was pending. Which, of course, is exactly the position that Jenkins was trying to take with reference to his pending court case.

ONE FOR THE ROAD

General Motors has its line of X-cars, Chrysler is cranking up its K-cars, and auto racing is also going for letters in a big way—witness the Datsun Z-cars that Paul Newman has helped make famous. All of which lends timeliness to a story making the rounds about a snail who went to a sportscar dealer and said, "I want to buy the fastest car you have and I want the letter S painted on the rear the hood and the doors."

The dealer was puzzled by the request but had the car pointed as the snail wished. The snail paid cash, and as he prepared to drive off, the dealer could restrain himself no longer. "Tell me, sir," he said, "Why did you want S painted on the car?" It was too late. The car was already roaring away, and the snail never caught the question.

A week later the dealer saw the snail zoom past at 90 mph and gave chase, finally catching up with the snail, who



had run five red lights. The dealer went over and said, "I just have to know why you had the letter S painted all over the car."

"O.K., I'll tell you," said the snail. "Until now, people have always said, 'Look at that snail.' But now they say, 'Look at that S car go.'"

HIDDEN GEYSERS

Lou Brock, late of the St. Louis Cardinals, is still giving his all for his old team. Or at least for its owner, Anheuser-Busch, Inc. While Brock keeps busy doing promotional work for the brewery, an ad agency, Robert Marston and Associates, Inc., is keeping busy distributing some of Brock's inspirational quotations. Among the Brockisms is this one:

continued

"I always felt I was a guy who had the ability to light the spark of enthusiasm which unlocked the hidden gears to the adrenaline that causes one to play to the summit of his ability."

BIPARTISAN, MY LAUREL WREATH

In a coup that the League of Women Voters might envy, the financially strapped U.S. Olympic Committee has somehow succeeded in persuading Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan to serve as co-chairmen of a campaign to raise \$4 million. But, wait, maybe the League wouldn't be so envious after all. *The Wall Street Journal* reported last week that the campaign—the fund-raising one, that is, certainly not the political one—has been held up because of some wrangling that could undermine the USOC's hopes for bipartisan support. Carter's campaign braintrust, apparently regretting that the White House ever agreed to equal billing with the President's chief rival, has insisted that Carter's photograph appear in the upper left-hand corner of a proposed newspaper ad, with Reagan's likeness relegated to the lower right-hand corner. What's more, they want the President's signature to be bigger. According to the *Journal*, a compromise is in the works, involving the possible elimination of both photographs. There was no definite word, however, on how the difference over the signatures might be resolved. And John Anderson has yet to be heard from.

SO LONG TO A SHRINE

Hardy's, a driving range and pitch 'n' putt golf course in North Dallas, is one of the improbable shrines of sport. It was at Hardy's in 1954 that 14-year-old Lee Trevino took a job mowing the greens, washing balls and performing other chores. And it was there that he first displayed his vaunted talents, winning bets by whipping disbelieving opponents while using a Dr Pepper bottle as a club on the par-3 course or by hitting the 100-yard sign—"Which zero do you want me to go for?"—on the driving range. After working at Hardy's on and off for a decade, Trevino went on to fry bigger fish, but he wasn't one to forget his roots. He still hung out at Hardy's when he was in town, and he remains a friend of its owner, Hardy Greenwood, with whom he is associated in a Dallas golf shop.

Now, after 35 years in business, Hardy's is no more. Apartment buildings and

shopping centers have been going up in the neighborhood, and the owners of the land on which Hardy's was located recently told Greenwood they wanted to use the site for a new apartment complex. The other day Greenwood closed the doors forever and threw a farewell party, which Trevino attended. During the festivities an unwitting newcomer to Dallas phoned and expressed interest in making a golfing pilgrimage to the course. Lee Trevino had put on the map. He got the news about Hardy's closing directly from Trevino, who happened to pick up the receiver. Surprised to be talking to his hero, the caller said, "Hardy's might be going out, but they're damn well going out in style."

CLIFF-HANGER

Outfielder Dave Engle of the Toledo Mud Hens has won the International League batting championship, but it certainly wasn't easy. Going into the last of the ninth inning of a season-ending 6-1 road victory over the Pawtucket (R.I.) Red Sox, Engle had already made what turned out to be his final plate appearance of the year and trailed Pawtucket Third Baseman Wade Boggs, .3067 to .3070, in a real cliff-hanger of a race. It appeared that the only way Engle could yet win the title was if Boggs batted in the last of the ninth and made an out. If Boggs got a hit or didn't have an official at bat, he would win. There was every chance he wouldn't get to the plate because three other Red Sox players were scheduled to bat ahead of him. And even if one of them got on base, Boggs could always be removed for a pinch hitter.

Now follow closely, please. The first two Pawtucket hitters were quickly retired, and in hope of bringing Boggs to the plate, thereby keeping teammate Engle's chances alive, Toledo Pitcher Wally Sarmiento walked Pawtucket's Ray Boyer on four pitches. The Providence *Journal-Bulletin's* Angelo Cataldi described the pitches as being "barely within the Pawtucket city lines." Given Sarmiento's rather unsporting gambit, it was to Boggs' credit that he chose to bat instead of yielding to a pinch hitter. "I wanted to win it with a hit," he later explained. "I didn't want to pull any of that stuff." In view of that commendable impulse, Boyer was guilty of a rather misguided attempt to extend Boggs a favor when he then did everything in his power to get

himself thrown out stealing, which would have ended the game. But the Mud Hens allowed Boyer to steal second, third and home virtually unchallenged as the count on Boggs went to 2-2. (It apparently never occurred to Boyer to end the game by simply running out of the base paths.) Boggs then grounded out to first base, ending both the game and the season and dropping his batting average just enough for Engle to win the title. .3067 to .3062. Given the circumstances of his victory, Engle—to his credit—was properly sheepish about the outcome. "I wouldn't mind at all if they just declared us co-winners," he said.

NONDISCLOSURE

With the election season in full swing, the incessant phone calls from political drumbeaters and pollsters were becoming simply too much for Mrs. A.L. Arend, a 78-year-old resident of Winter Park, Fla. Then, on top of everything else, the *Orlando Sentinel Star* rang up in the course of conducting a telephone sampling on the NFL's opening Sunday and asked Mrs. Arend which game her husband happened to be watching on TV. Her frosty but truthful reply, which the newspaper dutifully printed: "Mr. Arend has been dead for six years, and I don't know what game he's watching."

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Craig, after an intersection near Boston University was renamed "Olympic Four Place" in honor of himself and three other alumni who played on the U.S. Olympic hockey team: "Do I still have to pay the \$500 worth of parking tickets I got here as a student?"

• Steve McCarty, Oakland pitcher, after yielding a 450-foot home run to Seattle's Bruce Bochte: "Some of our guys would have to pick the ball up and hit it three times to get it that far."

• Clint Hurdle, Kansas City Royal outfielder, who came into baseball as a much-bullyhooped "phenom": "If I had done everything I was supposed to, I would be leading the league in home runs, have the highest batting average, have given \$1,000 to the cancer fund and married Marie Osmond."

• Tim Sale, a freshman quarterback at Minnesota, where his father, Joe, is coach: "The other day I ran out of money, so I asked Coach for \$5. He told me I'm a player now and the rules don't permit a coach to give a player money." **END**

CONCORD



YOU ARE LOOKING AT THE
ONLY CAR BUILT IN AMERICA
WITH 100% EXTERIOR BODY PANELS
OF GALVANIZED STEEL.

ONE TOUGH AMERICAN ECONOMY CAR.

23/34

EPA EST MPG/EST HWY*

What makes the American Motors
Concord DL different from every other
good-looking, high-mileage car?

Of the world's most comfortable cars,
only Concord gives you galvanized steel in every exterior
body panel as part of its exclusive Ziebart® Factory Rust
Protection, a full 5-year No Rust-Thru Warranty,** and the

famous Buyer Protection Plan®. So for all its style, Concord
is built to last. If you're the tough customer we think you
are, Concord is your kind of car.

*Use EPA est MPG for comparison. Your mileage may vary with speed, weather,
trip length. Actual highway will probably be less. Calif. ests. may vary.
Ziebart is a registered trademark of Ziebart International Corporation.

See your American Motors dealer for warranty and rust program details.
Aluminized exhaust warranted for 12 months/12,000 miles.

BUILT TO LAST



AMERICAN MOTORS

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 22, 1990



REVVED UP AND RUNNING

Whether accelerating in the open field or hurtling over for a touchdown or—surprise!—catching passes, Billy Sims has powered the Lions to lopsided wins over L.A. and Green Bay

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN



Jimmy Allen, the elder statesman of the Detroit Lions secondary, sat in front of his locker, reading from an imaginary primer. "See Billy run," he sing-songed. "Billy runs fast. Run, Billy, run. Billy can run pass routes. Billy can run draws. He can run uphill, he can run downhill. He can run faster than you. Run, Billy, run."

Then Allen threw back his head and laughed. And why shouldn't he? The Lions had just won their second laugh in a row, 29-7 over Green Bay in Milwaukee County Stadium, a place that had been a jinx house for Detroit. The

Lions hadn't won there since 1975; they'd won only two games there in the last 38 years. Jinxes? Forget it. They've got Billy. Run, Billy.

Billy Sims has broken out of the gate like a wild man. In Detroit's two wins—which happens to have been the Lions' victory total for all of 1979—his numbers look like this: 287 yards rushing on 42 carries for a 6.8 average after Sunday's 20-for-134 effort against the Packers. Four passes caught for 158 yards after he grabbed a little one (seven yards) and a big one (87 yards) Sunday. Five touchdowns as many as anybody

scored for the Lions all last season.

Steady now, let's not get carried away. Let's maintain some perspective. At 5' 10½" and 208 pounds, Sims isn't physically overpowering, and there will come a day when he gets stopped, when the Lions' offensive unit is flat and the other guys' defense is gang-tackling. When? Who knows?

"I still can get better," Sims said after rapping through the Pack. "I have to get better. Today I don't feel I ever got loose. It was kind of cold out there."

How much better can he get? Can he whisper some of the numbers he ran up

continued



Clark says that Sims brings Larry Kelly to mind

BILLY SIMS *continued*

at Oklahoma, the three 200-yard games in a row in his junior year, the 282-yarder against Missouri as a senior? Hey, that's college stuff, remember? The wishbone. Bloomer Sooner, 80 running plays a game, five passes. You don't do that in the NFL. They eat up rich rookies there.

"I believe those 200-yard days will come," Sims says. "They always have. They have ever since I've been playing football. Even though the league is bigger and tougher now, those days are really possible. But you get yourself in trouble going into a game figuring on 200 yards."

He says it matter-of-factly. There is nothing boastful about this rookie. He works at his job, and the linemen work at keeping the way open for him.

"He's not lazy," Allen says. "You see him in the weight room, working. You see him on the practice field, working. The veterans, well, we hear so much about a new guy, we want to check him out. He checks. In two games he has made believers out of us. He's going to have a nice career with this club."

Going into the 1980 draft there were some questions about Sims. First there was his age. On Sept. 18 he'll be 25. "You know, it's a funny thing, but since he got here I don't think I've heard that mentioned at all," says Lions' Coach Monte Clark. "It's not the years that matter, it's the NFL years. That's what shortens a

runner's career, those years of taking all those shots."

Then there was his pass catching. At Oklahoma they threw only two passes to him in five years. Sims says that ought to be nine years, because in four years of high school they threw zero to him.

That question was answered on May 3, in rookie camp, when the Lions' staff put Sims through a pass-catching drill and he dazzled them. He was in negotiations then, working toward a contract that's worth between \$1.3 million and \$1.7 million, depending on whom you listen to. He ran a 4.45 40 that day, bench-pressed 390 pounds and caught everything they threw to him. "Today," said Clark at the time, "he did one heck of a negotiating job."

Still, it's one thing to catch the ball in sweats in the May sunshine and another to catch it in full pads, through a picket fence of linebackers. But it has been two games now, and the people in the secondary are still trying to find him.

Gary Danielson, the Detroit quarterback, has thrown five passes to Sims, in two games. One fell short. Two were little ones, four and seven yards. In the Lions' 41-20 season-opening victory over the Rams he ran a crossing route. Bob Brudzinski, the linebacker, stumbled, and when he got his bearings Sims was 15 yards away and unreachable. Johnnie Johnson, the Rams' million-dollar rookie, waved at Sims as he went by, and what figured to be a 10-yard completion became a 60-yarder.

Sunday's 87-yard TD was even more stunning. The play was designed as a deep pass to the split end. The linebackers dropped back to help in the covers. Danielson looked downfield and what he saw was a hole in the middle being filled very rapidly by No. 20. Danielson isn't short on IQ. He knew where to put the ball. About nine seconds later he had the longest completion of his career. "Who says I can't throw the bomb?" he said.

The best thing about the play was that it wasn't a routine catch. The pass was a little low, but Sims scooped it in with one fluid motion as he raced across the field.

"In camp I could tell right away that he was a natural receiver," Danielson says.

Another Lion rookie, Ed Murray from Tulane, got five field goals and two PATs against the Pack

"Sometimes when we run our seven-on-seven passing drill in practice you see a guy catching the ball, but it's not natural. He's fighting it. With Billy it's very smooth and easy. I have a theory about that. I think wishbone tailbacks have an advantage as receivers because they get so many pinchouts. They're used to seeing the ball in the air. A guy who spends his college career taking handoffs doesn't get that."

There was another question about Sims. Fumbling. At Oklahoma he'd been known to cough it up on occasion. But in two games and 42 carries with the Lions—zero. "He fumbled because he got hit from so many different directions," Oklahoma Coach Barry Switzer says. "That's when fumbles usually come. Guys who never fumble are usually the ones who go down on the first hit."

Sims has been hit plenty so far. He's been running inside, and he's showed power when he's had to. Perhaps his prettiest run Sunday was on a trap play up the middle when he hit a hole that closed rapidly, bounced a quick yard to his left, ran through a couple of tacklers and turned a minus-one into a plus-25. "I honestly don't remember that one," Sims



said. "You know, people ask me after a game about some of the runs I've made that day and I can't remember most of them. I can't tell you how I did it. It was just instinct."

"I remember looking at movies of one run I made against Vanderbilt my sophomore year. I started right and things were closed off, and I leaped to my left—five yards into the end zone. The guy who was watching the film with me said, 'Damn, how'd you do that, Billy?' and I couldn't tell him. I just did it."

There is so much he can do that Clark must fight a very human urge to overwork him. Injury is the great finisher for NFL runners. Knee injuries brought Gale Sayers and O.J. Simpson to earth. Larry Brown's body was used up by the time he was 28.

Sims is aware of this rather ominous historical fact. His sophomore year in college was washed out because of a banged up shoulder. When the NCAA awarded him a rerun, an injured right ankle cut that one short, too. In answering *What Do You Consider Your Biggest Thrill in Football?* on the Lions' rookie questionnaire, Sims wrote, "Able to remain healthy my last two years." And as

he neared the end of his 87-yarder against the Packers he slowed down and seemed to tantalize Safetyman Johnnie Gray, whom he knocked off with a stiff-arm, but there was a very logical reason for what he did.

"I felt a slight twinge high up in my leg," Sims said. "I didn't want to risk pulling anything by running full-out, so I relied on the straight-arm."

So far the Lions' approach to Sims' work load has been sensible. "We'll put in a special play or two for him," says Danielson, "like the little misdirection reverse he ran today [two carries, 22 and 24 yards, the second one fooling everyone on third-and-one], but you won't see us just giving the ball to Billy on first and second down."

"We're not going to burn him out. I think it's a mistake Chicago has made with Walter Payton the last three years. You can't run your whole offense around one person. We've got a lot of offense. Be patient. He'll get his chances."

Detroit's offense has seen things from the underside. There are few superstars. Last year the Lions were fourth from last in rushing in the NFL. Now they're running away with it, with 560 yards in two games. Danielson, out of Purdue, broke in as a pro in a dimly lit stadium on Randall's Island as a backup quarterback for the New York Stars of the WFL. The Lions found him working in a sheet-metal plant in Detroit. Until this year his highest NFL salary was \$45,000.

He's not lacking in courage. On Thursday night his nine-day-old baby girl died in an incubator. The Lions' office was flooded with calls from the bettors. Will he play or won't he? With Danielson there was never any doubt.

"Her heart stopped two times and each time they brought her back," he said on Sunday. "She fought so hard, and she was too little to even know what she was fighting for. No, I don't think it's such a courageous thing, just to play in a football game."

The offensive line is a proud group, underpaid for the most part, very conscientious in their work. "I looked at Billy in the huddle today," said Right Guard Russ Bolinger, "and it was like he was possessed. He just wanted the ball. Last week, after the Rams game, I was walking off the field with Jack Youngblood, and I said to him, 'I don't know about your million-dollar rock-

ie, but ours is worth every penny.'"

Clark is a bit guarded when people ask him about Sims. "He's helped us, but our whole offense has improved," Clark says. When someone inquired why the Lions didn't throw a pass to Sims in the first half Sunday, he said, "Didn't we? I thought we threw one."

A few days before the game someone asked him if he could compare Sims to an NFL runner. Sayers, Simpson, whom-ever. "Leroy Kelly," said Clark, who was Kelly's teammate on the Browns. "Same quick takeoff. Same knack of running close to the ground, with great balance."

"Is he a madder, like Kelly was?" Clark was asked.

"Don't know," he said. "We'll find out on Sunday."

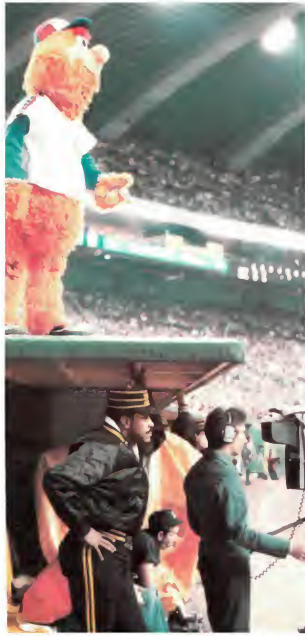
He found out. On a soggy field that had groundskeepers rushing out and replacing patches of turf at each time-out, Sims averaged 10.4 yards each time he got his hands on the ball. "I liked the heavy turf," he said. "I like natural grass fields. I like AstroTurf, too."

In a far corner of the locker Jimmy Allen began again, this time softly, to himself. "Runs uphill, runs downhill. See Billy run. Run, Billy. . ."

END

Danielson is determined not to burn Sims out





ALL IS NOT WELL IN THE FAMILY

With Pops ailing and his brood failing, the Pirates may be former champions before postseason play gets under way

by E.M. SWIFT

With exactly 20 games left in the season, like the hare who kept expecting to catch the tortoise around the next bend and never did, the Pittsburgh Pirates—the world champion Pittsburgh Pirates—realized they were losing a pennant race. Suddenly last Saturday there was Dave Parker exhorting his teammates by the batting cage, calling himself the baddest and the meanest and guaranteeing—guaranteeing—that the Pirates would beat the front-running Expos in the final two games of last weekend's three-game series. There was Omar Moreno, his left little finger horribly crooked and swollen, saying, "This game today, we must win it," with the slightly awed look of a man in grave danger. Even the unflappable Chuck Tanner reached into his bottomless bag of managerial clichés to allow that this was not just another game, that his men knew what they had to do and would do it. It was last October all over again, when, trailing the Baltimore Orioles three games to one, the Family pulled together to take three straight games and the World Series. Pressure? Bring it on. The Pirates thrive on it.

Three hours later the Pirates had moved back to within 3½ games of the Montreal Expos on the strength of Don Robinson's 4-0 win, his first complete-game shutout since May of 1978.

"This was our biggest game of the year," Robinson said afterward, "but tomorrow's game is even more important."

But if the Pirates—and Parker—thought they could shut their opponents on and off like tap water, they were be-

Stargell, the Bucs' lucky charm, has been of no more tangible help than Yoo-Poi, the Expo mascot

ing, well, harebrained. On Sunday the Expos' Bill Gullickson returned Robinson's favor by beating the Pirates 4-0 on three hits, pushing Pittsburgh five games behind in the loss column with 18 left to play. The Pirates, who allowed the first three Montreal batters to score, were never in the game. Worse, they fell $3\frac{1}{2}$ behind the second-place Phillies, and finished the week with four losses in five games against the two teams they had to catch.

Clearly, this wasn't the same Pirate team that worked its magic in 1979—when the Bucs came from behind to win 41 games, 25 of them in their last at bat. The 39-year-old Willie Stargell, who last September hit eight home runs and had five game-winning RBIs, was watching from the sidelines. He has been there since mid-August, suffering from damaged cartilage in his left knee, and during that time Pittsburgh has fallen from first to third and won only eight of 26 games. Were there a quality tortoise in the race, it would already be too late for the Pirates, but during that same stretch neither the Phillies nor the Expos have been playing much better than .500 ball. However, the very earliest Stargell can hope to come back is Sept. 25, and by then it'll probably be all over for Pittsburgh. "I hate to sit and watch this time of year," Stargell says. "But I can't do anything for the next two weeks except ride a bicycle."

Irrational as it sounds, Pittsburgh is a better team with Stargell in the lineup, even if he goes 0 for 5. His presence carries with it more than a good bat; he is a 6' 3", 225-pound good-luck charm. When he takes the field at first base, there is a sense of security among the Pirates that Willie is in his heaven and nothing can harm them. Conversely, opponents are uplifted by his absence. "Let's face it," one Expo said last weekend, "there's a big difference between seeing Stargell on first and John Milner."

Especially in September. During the '70s, the Pirates won 185 out of 299 games played in that telling month



Whether watching the action or performing themselves, Pirate relievers have seemed to be in shock

(.619), and they were six for six in holding on to first place. But this September they have lost eight of 13 (.385) and have fallen from first to third. And Stargell's injury isn't the only reason. The relief pitching, once Tanner's pride and joy, has recently shown a tendency to fray under stress, and injuries have so eroded

the Bucs' once-vaunted bench strength that Executive Vice-President Harding Peterson was moved on Aug. 29 to sign the well-traveled Bernie Carbo, who was out of baseball and working in a hair-dressing salon near Detroit.

Still, the world champs have exhibited a certain pluck that leads Tanner to enthuse, "I'm prouder of this team than I was of last year's world championship club because of what it's had to overcome." Tanner is the sort of man for whom the sky turns bluer every day, so such a remark must be viewed with suspicion, but it's true that the Pirates have had at least their share of injuries. Stargell has played in just 67 games, and Bill Robinson, who has a severely bruised right heel, 88. Parker has missed 19 games with no fewer than eight different injuries, and for the last eight weeks has been hobbling in the outfield like a man with the gout. In the off-season he may undergo surgery similar to that which Stargell had four weeks ago, an arthroscopic procedure by which bits of cartilage are sucked from the knee through a straw-



Moreno has been blue about his position

continued

like instrument. "I can't steal bases; I can't turn singles into doubles; I can't turn doubles into triples," Parker says. "That's my game." His run production is also off significantly from a year ago, a consequence in no small measure of the absence of Stargell's bat behind him in the order. Moreno, in fact, is the only Pirate not to have missed a game, and he is playing with a dislocated finger that might have to be operated on this winter. The only way he can grip the bat with his left hand is to build up the handle with tape. "Sure, our record's not what it was last year," says Tanner. "But all you hope for at the start of any season is to be in position to win the thing in the last month. Well, we're there."

Maybe. In the week and a half ending last weekend, the Pirates have endured what could turn out to be the knockout blow to their season: 10 road games in 10 days in four cities, Atlanta, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Montreal. After dropping three straight to the Braves, they lost two more to the Phillies, 6-2 and then 5-4 in 14 innings. The first game was tied 2-2 after seven innings, Tanner went to his bullpen, and Enrique Romo was promptly nailed for three runs. The game ended with Phil Garner, the Bucs' pesky second baseman, taking called second and third strikes with the bases loaded. Strange doings.

The next loss was even stranger. First, Lee Lacy, the leftfielder, lost a line drive

in the lights—a line drive? Aw, come on—after two were out in the second inning, allowing a run to score. Still, the Pirates led 4-2 in the eighth inning when Tanner again called on his bullpen, which not long ago was considered the most formidable in the game. Lefthander Grant Jackson allowed a double, and when Mike Schmidt and Greg Luzinski were scheduled up with two out, Tanner called on his ace, Kent Tekulve. Tekulve gave up a triple to Schmidt and a single to Luzinski. That tied it at 4-4. The Phillies won in the 14th on a squeeze.

"We can't come from behind anymore," says one team official. Tekulve's failure to get a save in the second Philadelphia defeat was the most recent in a series of five abysmal performances by him since Aug. 26. In that time he has had an ERA of 5.65 and has lost four games in nine outings—three at the hands of Atlanta, a team that has beaten Pittsburgh 11 of 12 times this season.

Earlier this season, Tekulve watched fellow submariner Dan Quisenberry of Kansas City on television and noticed something he was doing wrong. Tekulve called Quisenberry that night and tipped him off. Since then Quisenberry has been superb—he has a chance to set the major league record for the highest combined total of wins and saves in a year—and he has been most appreciative of Tekulve's help. He sent his tutor a card on Father's Day, thanking him for, as it



were, fathering his pitch. Now the quip in Pittsburgh is that Tekulve is hoping Quisenberry will get a glimpse of him on television so that Quisenberry can correct his delivery. In the meantime, Tekulve is making do with what's available to him. The other night in St. Louis an idea came to him in the middle of the night, and he hopped out of bed in his underwear to practice throwing in front of the motel mirror. "I think I've corrected it now," he says. "The ball just wasn't moving the way I wanted it to."

But he wasn't able to test it out in a game right away because Pittsburgh's starting pitching has been superb of late, the one bright spot down the stretch. Wednesday the Pirates ended a five-game losing streak by beating the Cardinals 7-6, and the next night Bert Blyleven, who has been critical of Tanner's early hook all year, pitched a complete 2-1 game. It was before that game that the Pirates got the word that Stargell's knee was healing more slowly than had been hoped and that he would be out for two more weeks. The players called a team meeting to discuss the prospect of life without Pops. "If 25 grown men have to depend on one man to play well," said Tekulve, "it's a bad situation."

For Stargell, who has two years left on his contract, the injury could mean the end of his brilliant career after 19 seasons. The knee went on Aug. 17 as he



Scoring against Montreal, Easler avoids a run-in with Gary Carter and delicately loses home plate



Easler's homer brought about a family reunion

happened if Pops had been around. That night, in a marvelously played game, Pittsburgh lost to Montreal 1-0 and fell 4½ games back. It was then the Pirates decided they were in a pennant race, and Parker, acknowledging that they played best under pressure, ordered up a sweep of the rest of the series.

Whether, like the proverbial hare, they have waited too long to bear down remains to be seen. They will certainly be in good company if they fall short, because right now it appears that for the second year in a row the four divisional champions will all be uneaten. What is most remarkable is that the Pirates are in contention at all, given the middling performances of most of the players. They're not having bad years, just average ones. "What makes it tough to repeat is you have to be a little bit lucky two years running," says Tekulve, whose ERA is still a respectable 3.15 despite his recent failures. "And you have to have a few players who have career bests."

Lacy and Mike Easler, who share left field, are having great years, and starter Jim Bibby is 16-5, but the rest of the team has adled along unspectacularly. Yet the fact remains that in pressure games the Pirates are a very tough team to beat. On the year they have won 10 of 16 games from Philadelphia and 11 of 15 from Montreal. Both teams must play twice more in Three Rivers Stadium, so the schedule—if not the standings—favors

the Pirates, whose last eight games are against the struggling Mets and the hapless Cubs. Neither the Expos nor the Phillies have much of a reputation for winning in the clutch, and the looney-goosey, We-Are-Family spirit of the Pirates is still apparent in the clubhouse, although sometimes it seems strained. "When I retire, it will be because of long road trips and loud music," one of the Family confesses.

During an eight-game losing streak last month, the players started taking away the stars that Stargell so lavishly hands out for good performance, and during Parker's tirade before Saturday's 4-0 win over Montreal, he could be heard profaning the old man, Stargell, who was up in the NBC booth instead of playing in pain. "I'm serious," Parker screamed, Ali-style. "I may not be walking when I'm 56, but I'm going to play!" He gingerly pointed to his knee. "I want you guys to play like I'm playing!"

Moreno took him at his word. Before the game, he was saying how he couldn't steal bases with his finger as it was, because it prevented him from executing the head-first slide. The first chance he got, he stole anyway. Milner knocked in two runs with two singles.

Parker to the contrary, there was just a hint after the game that the Pirates had decided if they weren't going to win it with Willie, they were going to win it for him. They better hurry.

END

turned away from an inside 3-1 pitch from Gullickson. "Mother nature said that's as far as you can go," he says. "The doctor said he didn't see how I could still stand. He said it looked like white-and-red cotton candy in there."

Stargell had been told he'd be able to play in three weeks, in time for last weekend's crucial series with the Expos. But 39-year-old legs don't recover so quickly. When the doctor examined Stargell last Thursday, he told him the knee would need more rest. "I thought for sure he was going to say I could go," Willie says. "But it's like biting the inside of your mouth. It just takes time to heal." Asked if he feared the knee might never heal enough for him to play again, Stargell said, "I do one thing at a time. Right now I'll just ride that bicycle and hope the knee comes along."

The rest of the Pirates, arriving in Montreal after Blyleven's win over St. Louis, would have gladly gone for bicycles over the two buses that were chartered to meet them at the airport. For half an hour, no buses showed. There were no taxis, no cars, no nothing. Finally, one bus came—the other had broken down—and half the players climbed in, thinking they were the lucky ones. That bus got lost. The second bus arrived in another half hour, and the two arrived at the hotel minutes apart—at around 5:20 a.m. A thing like that would never have



With Stargell injured, leadership of the Blues belongs to Parker, a job he has assumed with relish



THE DAY THAT THE OOPS TURNED TO WHOOPS

No. 1-ranked Ohio State end leading Hersman Trophy candidate Art Schlachter fell behind Syracuse 21-3 early in the second quarter before rallying for a 31-21 win

by JOE MARSHALL

Two days before the Ohio State opener against Syracuse last Saturday, Buckeye Coach Earle Bruce was fidgeting in his dressing room at OSU's practice facility. The Buckeyes had just completed a crisp workout, and Bruce, a round-faced, rumpled man, was now painfully discovering that he lacked the virtue of patience. "Jimmy Christmas," he finally moaned out loud, "I can't wait for Saturday to find out if this team is as good as it seems."

Bruce had ample reason to be optimistic about the 1980 Buckeyes. His 1979 team, most of which was returning, had come within two points of a perfect sea-



Tailback Ricky Johnson pops through a hole over left guard as wide as the state of Ohio to make the score 22-21 and put the Buckeyes ahead to stay.

son, losing only to powerful USC 17-16 in the waning moments of the Rose Bowl. In preseason polls both the writers and the coaches had picked Ohio State No. 1. Buckeye fans, excited by the rankings and the fact that their team is led by the runaway favorite for the Heisman Trophy, junior Quarterback Art Schlichter, were already dreaming about OSU's first national championship in a dozen years. The only appropriate title for the Buckeye opener was Great Expectations.

Well, before it was all over in Ohio Stadium, Great Expectations had almost turned into Apocalypse Now. Ohio State

eventually pulled the game out 31-21, but not before Syracuse proved that the Buckeyes and their quarterback are human. Early in the second quarter the Orangemen led 21-3, and during most of the fourth quarter they were within a field goal of a tie, which would've been a death blow to Ohio State's dreams of a national title. Ultimately, it was Schlichter who atoned for some earlier sins by bringing the Buckeyes back. In so doing, he may have enhanced his hopes for a Heisman, which is more than can be said for what the Buckeyes did for their chances of gaining the No. 1 ranking.

The excitement over this season's

Ohio State team is in sharp contrast to the scene in Columbus a year ago when the Buckeyes also opened against Syracuse. One 1979 preseason poll had left OSU out of its Top 10, the other out of its Top 20. The Syracuse game marked Bruce's debut as successor to the legendary Woody Hayes, and Buckeye boosters had clearly adopted a wait-and-see attitude. They were noticeably unenthusiastic at a pep rally the night before the game. "After that rally some of the players were talking about how there weren't many people there," remembers flanker Doug Donley. "For football and a pep rally, it just didn't seem like Ohio State."

continued



Communicating with aides at press-box level! Schlichter seeks help while Coach Bruce stays tuned



The Orangemen were talking upset last year, but Ohio State won 31-8 and went on to its near-perfect season. Bruce was named College Coach of the Year and was at last embraced in Columbus, as a visit to Jai Alai, one of the town's favorite postgame dinner spots, readily proves. Jai Alai's slogan is "There's only one in all the world," and advertisements with that phrase used to include pictures of Hayes and the Eiffel Tower. An oversized photo of Woody still hangs in the restaurant, but next to it there is now an equally large picture of Bruce.

Bruce's success stemmed largely from making effective use of Schlichter, who had been one of the most heavily recruited high school football players in the nation in 1978. At Miami Trace High in Bloomington, 40 miles south of the Ohio State campus, he had thrown for 46 touchdowns and more than 4,000 yards while leading his team to a 29-6-1 record in 3½ seasons as starting quarterback. Every major football power, regardless of the type of offense it ran, tried to sign him because Schlichter is as good a runner as he is a thrower. Ultimately, he chose Ohio State, but as a freshman, playing in Hayes' three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust offense, Schlichter was most notable for throwing 21 interceptions.


Bruce, a Buckeye alumnus and former assistant coach, who had produced three straight 8-3 seasons at Iowa State, brought in a more sophisticated passing game, employing all five receivers on many plays. To open up the Buckeye attack, he switched from a two tight end offense to one using two wide receivers. Most important, he cut Schlichter's interceptions from 21 to six by giving him a receiver to dump the ball off to on every play. He finished the season fifth in passing efficiency, higher than any other quarterback returning to play this season.

When the Buckeyes were struggling in the early part of last season, it was Schlichter who bailed them out. He ran 32 yards for the decisive touchdown in a come-from-behind defeat of Minnesota and completed six passes in six attempts while driving Ohio State 80 yards in 95 seconds for a last-minute victory over UCLA. Later, in the Rose Bowl, he threw for 297 yards, averaging an amazing 27 yards per completion. He was fourth in the Heisman voting, the highest finish ever for a sophomore. The three players ahead of him—Charles White, Billy Sims and Marc Wilson—were all seniors.

continued



State had a little problem, and there he goes—Syracuse's 5' 7" Morris getting some of his 150 yards

A man with dark hair and a slight smile, wearing a red hooded sweatshirt, is the central figure. He is holding a can of Natural Light beer in his right hand and a glass filled with beer and a thick head of foam in his left hand. The background is a soft, out-of-focus grey.

Nick Buoniconti.
Famous ex-Miller Lite
drinker.

Look who switched to Natural Light.

Nick Buoniconti switched to Natural Light because he prefers the taste.

He had no idea that Natural Light's great taste comes from using only the finest natural ingredients.

Or that there are no artificial ingredients in Natural Light, unlike

some other light beers he had tried.

We don't think he even noticed the ingredients listed right on the label: Water, Barley malt, Rice, Hops, Yeast.

But Nick Buoniconti would agree. It's not the name that makes you good—it's what's inside that counts.

Natural Light.
Taste is why you'll switch.



Merit Menthol Solid Winner!

In extensive national testing, smokers compared leading high tar menthols and low tar MERIT MENTHOL. The result: Of the 95% stating a preference, 3 out of 4 smokers chose the MERIT MENTHOL low tar/good taste combination when tar levels were revealed.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

© Philip Morris Inc. 1988

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—920's; 11 mg
"tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 79

**Trooper-tested
Protection.**

**Unbeaten
Mileage.**



**The two things
you want from your motor oil
are both in
Texaco's Havoline Supreme.**



Indy 500 race car driver Janet Guthrie knows that, today, drivers like you want more than a motor oil that just protects your engine.

You're also looking for a fuel economy tested oil. That's why Janet recommends that you use Havoline Supreme. Texaco's Havoline Supreme is the 10W-40 motor oil with a special friction fighter that's been proven in fuel economy tests. In fact, extensive tests showed that two leading 10W-40 motor oils advertising "extra gasoline mileage" couldn't beat Havoline Supreme.

What's more, in over a million miles of rugged state trooper testing, it delivered proven engine protection, too. Up-front protection backed by unbeaten mileage—two supreme reasons why you should change to Havoline Supreme.



Trust your car to the products with the Star.

This fall Schlichter is also appearing frequently on television. An articulate communications major, he is one of five athletes—and the only undergraduate—showcased on NCAA TV ads stressing the value of higher education. The others include Colonel Pete Dawkins and Arthur Ashe. Meanwhile, Ohio State is using him to promote its academic side in a series of public television spots distributed around the state. "You probably know me as the quarterback of the Ohio State football team," Schlichter says on camera, before declaring that the university offers much more than athletics. Indeed, Schlichter is so well known in Ohio that a recent letter from Chicago, addressed only to "Art—the best athlete in Ohio—Bloomberg [sic]," was delivered in two days.

Schlichter's correspondent may have had the name wrong, but he had the right description. At Miami Trace he was also a 6'6" high jumper and a first-team all-state guard in basketball. As a freshman he played on the Ohio State basketball team, and hopes to do so again this year. "Art always had great athletic ability," says his high school football coach, Fred Zechman, now a member of the Buckeye staff, "but even with that, he always tried to improve by outworking everybody else." Schlichter doesn't work summers, he practices his athletic skills. He will throw as many as 500 passes a day, into a net if no receiver is on hand. It is probably all this extra work that accounts for Schlichter's remarkable durability. At Ohio State, where he has set school total offense records in each of his first two years, Schlichter has never missed so much as a practice.

Already the pro scouts are buzzing around "Schlichter is the best quarterback for the college game I've ever seen," says Dallas Cowboy personnel chief Gil Brandt. "I'm not saying he's going to be the best pro quarterback. We'll have to watch how he develops the next two years. He looks like the kind of guy you'd want to start a new franchise with and build around. Where he's really amazing is in the clutch."

In his first outing on the 1980 Heisman campaign trail, Schlichter had plenty of opportunity to display his cool in the clutch. Before he even touched the ball, the Buckeyes trailed 7-0.

Then, on OSU's first play, Schlichter rolled left and unaccountably rifled a bullet directly to Syracuse Safety Ike Bo-

gosian. Schlichter compounded that sin by tackling Bogosian by the face mask. That set Syracuse up at the Ohio State four-yard line. Three plays later Orange Quarterback Dave Warner covered that distance with a scoring pass to Tight End Chris Jilleba. Less than six minutes into the game and it was Syracuse 14-0.

The Buckeyes countered with a 35-yard field goal by Yugoslavian-born Vlade Janakievski, but the Orangemen promptly drove 80 yards in 10 plays to make the score 21-3 early in the second quarter. Rarely have so many fans—86,643—made so little noise.

Warner scored that third Syracuse touchdown on a one-yard keeper, but 41 yards of the drive were gobbled up on runs by 5'7", 180-pound junior Halfback Joe Morris. Only Syracuse and New Hampshire showed any interest in Morris when he was a high schooler, but he has rushed for more than 1,000 yards in each of his first two seasons. He has already passed Jim Brown's and Jim Nance's career-rushing marks at Syracuse, and with his first run last Saturday, a 23-yard scamper, he overtook Ernie Davis as well. Going into this season, Morris needed only 562 yards to pass Floyd Little and Larry Csonka to become the all-time top Syracuse rusher. For a while it looked as if he might get them all last Saturday. Though he had to be helped off the field three times, he kept coming back and ended up with 150 yards on 26 carries.

Morris was making most of his yardage right up the middle. The Buckeyes had an obvious problem at nose guard. Last year's top two performers at that spot, Tim Sawicki and Mark Sullivan, had to attend summer school, and so far only Sullivan has received academic clearance to play. He didn't begin working out with the team until last week, so Bruce decided not to start him. When the score reached 21-3, however, Bruce sent in Sullivan. Syracuse had 115 yards rushing at that point. They gained just 93 the rest of the day.

It was midway through the second quarter before Schlichter began to work his magic. First, he took the Buckeyes 70 yards in 11 plays to set up a 34-yard field goal by Janakievski. On Ohio State's next possession, Schlichter narrowly missed a touchdown when he barely overthrew Donley, who was wide open. Still, he moved the Buckeyes 46 yards in

1:39 to set up a 42-yard field goal by Janakievski. That came with just 10 seconds left in the half and made the score 21-9.

Schlichter finally got a touchdown on the first possession of the third quarter. Starting on his own 20-yard line, he handed off five consecutive times to move the ball to the Syracuse 47. There he faked yet another handoff to draw the safety in, dropped back and threw deep down the middle to Donley, who had beaten the Syracuse cornerback one-on-one. The pass wasn't pretty, wobbling badly, but it hit Donley right in stride. Ohio State was now within a touchdown.

The Buckeyes got it on their next possession, when Schlichter marched them 81 yards on their fourth consecutive scoring drive. Tailback Ricky Johnson ran four yards to put Ohio State ahead 22-21. Then the Buckeyes went for a two-point conversion. Schlichter rolled right and, finding no one open, was chased all the way to the sideline. There he reversed his field, running left and scanning the field for open receivers. Spotting Johnson in the middle of the end zone, he threw a perfect strike while on the run. Later Schlichter described the conversion as "the most enjoyable play of the game for me."

The score remained an all-too-close 24-21 for four more Syracuse possessions before, with about two minutes to play, Schlichter's workday seemed to come to an abrupt end. On a keeper left that gained 10 yards to the Syracuse 23, he was slammed hard to the artificial turf and got up limping. His backup, Bob Atha, quickly replaced him, and on two consecutive carries moved the ball to the 10-yard line, at which point Schlichter suddenly reentered the game. On his first play back, he sprinted around left end, was hit at the three and pulled two Syracuse defenders with him into the end zone for the final score of the day.

Time will tell if the margin produced by that last touchdown will be enough to keep the pollsters from downgrading Ohio State. No matter. The Buckeyes knew they had fallen short of expectations. "I'll tell you one thing," said a relieved Bruce, "our game plan didn't call for us to come from behind. I was anxious to see us in action, and I found out something." A wry smile flickered across his round face before he continued, "We probably should've scrimmaged for an hour before we play."

END

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

NOBLE



by CLIVE GAMMON

FISH AND ROYAL RUINS

Archaeologists and anglers come to a Guatemalan lake for the temples and tarpon. If they're lucky, they find Albert

Just before dinner, flocks of egrets came in low over Lake Petenbatún and roosted on a single tree among the thousands around the shore. "That is a 'salam' tree," Albert Gillet, my mentor, told me the first evening we were out on the water. "Its leaves and wood smell very sweet, mon. Very fine and shelterly for the birds. Only one salam tree on the lake now. Upon a time used to be a bigger one than that, but it fell down. From the burden of the birds, mon." You could assume that would be the fate of this one as well. By dusk, uncountable egrets had settled on the tree, turning it as white as if this were Christmas in Vermont, not the dry season in Guatemala.

The bird-watching on Petenbatún was incidental: egret time, Albert reckoned, might also be tarpon time—when, we hoped, the indolent, seemingly purposeless rolling of the fish would change to water-slashing action. But from the evidence we would come upon, it seemed more likely that somewhere below the surface there was a fishy equivalent of a salam tree, to which the tarpon quit for the day when the breeze dropped and the skin of the lake became calm.

Albert himself was always calm. Seventy years old, black, with a wisp of white beard, a shock of white hair and the manner and the vocabulary of an Old Testament prophet. He is a carpenter by trade, and he had first come to Guatemala 30 years ago, from what is now Belize and was then British Honduras—to Albert, and forever, "B.H." "We bulled a road in from B.H., mon," he said. "Then I stayed here in this republic, loggón."

Albert knew that you couldn't hurry fish and that I'd been a trifle perverse in coming to Petenbatún in the dry season. "The heavy fishes, mon, they come up on the big floods in July, August," he had said, confirming what I'd been told previously. "That's when the 200-pounders come, when the waters is up. Look in the Farmer's Almanac, how the moon is in July, and you'll know."

The run of giant tarpon to Lake Petenbatún is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the world of fishing. The lake lies in northeast Guatemala, in the Petén, a low-lying subtropical rain forest that adjoins the Yucatan peninsula of Mexico. For much of the year the lake spills out into the Petenbatún River, a tributary of the Río de la Pasión, which in turn feeds the mighty

Each evening egrets come to roost in Albert's "salam" tree, turning the green jungle backdrop of Lake Petenbatún into a scene recalling winter in Vermont

Usamacinta, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico 400 miles from the lake.

A 400-mile freshwater migration of huge fish that ends in a smallish lake. Why? To feed? It would seem that in the ocean itself or in the Usamacinta there would be infinitely more forage. To spawn? No evidence of this. An epic journey, longer than most salmon make, and an apparently motiveless one.

It is as mysterious, indeed, as the fall of the Mayan civilization, whose great plazas, temples and overgrown pyramids are so numerous in the forest around Lake Petexbatún that many of the ruins are still waiting in line, so to speak, for the attention of archaeologists. And, oddly, if it hadn't been for archaeologists, the great tarpon of Lake Petexbatún would still be known only to the villagers along its shores.

Long before sport fishermen became aware of the odyssey of the Petexbatún tarpon, archaeologists had arrived, and upon finding the area so richly endowed in ancient wonders, they built a permanent camp on the lakeshore in the early '60s. Much of the camp's carpentry had been done by Albert, who was also its guardian. To it came such notables as Ian Graham of Harvard's Peabody Museum.

Later, there was a secondary wave of guests, archaeology buffs traveling to the lake not to excavate but merely to view the ruins. A Guatemala City travel firm refurbished the camp to accommodate the newcomers. For more than 20 years, Albert had had the fishing almost all to himself, but with more people coming in and the fact that by the law of averages some archaeologists have to be fishermen, the secret got out. Last year sport fishermen started to arrive, and Albert, pressed into service as a guide, would have little time for the lonely epic fights with huge fish hooked on his handline. "It is beautiful to mess with them, mon," he says. "They are huge beasts that lurks in the pool. I has the good judgment with my handline, but there was oftentimes when I was afraid I would be carried out of my dory."

Because we had only a few days, Albert delicately rebuked me for having come at the wrong time of year. The very big fish come when the heavy flooding of the rainy season backs the river water into the lake, so that the flow is reversed. "The drifting in of the first flood, mon, when you sees the sticks and bushes com-



Albert's dugout serves him well in pursuit of Guatemala's tarpon, but he yearns for a stiff and B.H.

ing into the lake, that is when the heavy beasts, the noble tarpons and snooks, are here," he'd say, as though repeating a lesson to a backward child.

But I didn't think that coming in the dry season had been entirely perverse. During the wet season the banks are flooded as high as the lower boughs of the trees, so that there's no fishing except for big tarpon: the smaller species are deep in the swamps the floods create or inaccessible in the submerged bushes.

In the dry, though, diversity made up for size. So I had been told by Andy Sherman, a New Yorker living in Guatemala City, who had fished the lake half a dozen times—except for Albert's, the most experience that anyone had there. In the dry season, he had written me before the trip, though the big tarpon were absent, there were plenty of smaller ones, up to 40 pounds or so. And the other lake species—snook, peacock bass, local fish they called *mojarra* and *muchacha*—became available. And, besides, what was so Lilliputian about a 25-pound tarpon on the right light gear?

So in April I met up with Sherman in Guatemala City and headed north with him, first in a rickety DC-3 to Flores in the Petén and then by Jeep over a dirt road to Sayaxché on the Rio de la Pasión, where we dumped our gear into a dugout canoe in the gathering darkness and started on the last leg of our journey, a two-hour trip upstream, switching

from the Pasión to the Petexbatún River. As the rain forest slipped by, alien night sounds, the explosions of birds awakened by our passing, were all about us. Only a faint sense of space, of there no longer being banks close to the canoe, told us we had reached the lake.

That night there were two separate disturbances: a scrabbling, scratchy noise on the balsa leaves that make up the roof of the two-story wooden camp building and, later, furious barking from the guard dogs. "What you heard, mon," said Albert the next morning as we edged his dugout to the lake, "was a kinkajou dancing. He's a little furry bear, but more of the cat tribe. This is a peaceful piece of the forest, mon."

As soon as we rounded the first rocky headland, we could see a spot where the water had been lashed into foam. "Snooks been eatin'," Albert said. Something had been working there, no doubt of it, but there was no response to the lures we threw all around the arc. "Let us try the pool," Albert said.

When we reached what Albert called the pool, it looked no different from any part of the lake. He knew what he was talking about, though. This was a deep hole—soundings showed it to be 150 feet deep—and it was here that the tarpon seemed to concentrate.

They were rolling idly in almost exactly the same way that Atlantic salmon do when they aren't inclined to hit a lure.

Spoons, Andy said, had been the most effective lures when he last fished Petenbatun, but hundreds of tarpon must have seen ours pass them and showed no interest. Those tarpon didn't care if we stayed or went, and they outlasted us. After two hours of frustration we were reduced to trolling the margins of the lake for whatever might come along. Which were a few small peacock bass that Albert called "blancos."

At a kind of jungle brunch, Albert chewed on one of the small bass, spitting the bones out expertly, while on his shoulder sat his green parrot, Lorenzo, a malevolent creature. "I'm the onliest person in the world who can handle this bravo bird," was Albert's boast, one entirely justified, Andy and I would discover later at some small cost in blood.

"That fishing this morning was very bad," Albert pronounced between fusillades of fish bones. "You hear the dogs in the night? Chepita and Lassie and Jet? They hear the people from Sayaxché comin' to fish at night. All last week the Sayaxché people were on the lake with their nets. They clean the fish, and they dump the remains in the water. And the other fishes scent the blood, and so they seek to find a sheltered place where they become more peaceful. That is why there is no snooks, no noble blancos. But I still have hopes."

On the cut grass around the camp, blue buntings were foraging. "We has lots of them," Albert said, "and hummingbirds. But the little hummingbirds are all hatched and gone now. I love them small little birds, mon."

In the heat of the day, a timelessness settled over our party. The dogs lolled at Albert's feet. "They hunt armadillos," he said, "all of them rodent tribes. But not as a job to go to. Mostly they sits around. Like me."

It must be a lonely job, I offered, when no anglers, no archaeologists are in camp, which is most of the time.

"I like it in the woods," he said. "I have a brother in the States. To be truthful, I can't recall exactly where he lives. But that would be too big a city for me. I went to Guatemala City once for eight days, but it was too cold."

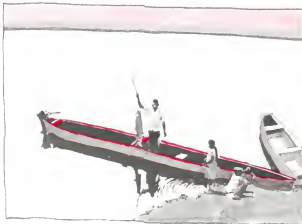
And he'd never married? No, he said, with a patently false look of melancholy on his face. "That happiness I do not know. I never reached that distance, mon. But I have known many good in-

dies, and bad ladies, and I love to dance. When I was young, I got to learn to dance, because at home in B.H., they put you to dance when you are small, and if you do not dance good, you do not get chocolate, you do not get peanuts, you do not get nothin'. But once you can dance a bit, you gain pride, mon."

Late that afternoon we went out again, trolling the shores. Again, only insignificant fish hit. We worked on until we

Crown Royal Reader. We were forced to read the great *Macbeth*. "Toil for the heave." "Under the village chestnut tree," "Into the jaws of hell rode the six hundred." But I lost my book, mon. I lost it to Flores to a nurse. She used to permit me to read English to her, and it remained with her." Now all he had to read was the current *Farmer's Almanac*.

The rundown on the St. Mary's curriculum might have continued, but now,



The island tarpon showed themselves but stayed aloof until their deep secret was plumbed.

were in sight of Albert's deep pool, but even the tarpon had stopped their rolling. "When the birds come home to the salam tree, mon," Albert said, "maybe those fish start working. Sometime it happen like that." And then, incongruously, he broke into verse, maybe to pass the time for us. "It was the schooner *Hesperus*," he declaimed, "that sailed the wintry sea." He went through all the stanzas without error.

"Learned that in St. Mary's, in B.H., mon, from my *Crown Royal Reader*," he said, "At home we has the Carib tribe to the south, the Mayan to the north, and in Belize we has the mixed people, the African men that speak the broken language, the Chinese and the Japanese. But in St. Mary's you learn the proper way. They force you, mon, with the

just as the salam tree looked as if it should have been equipped with a neon sign reading NO VULGARMY, Albert stopped reciting, sat upright and pointed across the lake. "Moe," he said, still calm. "the noble tarpon is feeding."

Half a mile away, the water was being sheered white, the spray being sent flying. Hundreds of tarpon were crashing into shoals of baitfish. Albert pulled on the little outboard, and we started to move in a big half-circle so we could cut the power when we were ahead of the fish and let them catch up to us. But at that moment, a wind sprang up, first a breeze, then gusting, finally blowing at half-gale strength. It held our little craft as if it had us on a rope. Baffled, we saw the great shoal of feeding tarpon move away, growing faint and eventually disappearing.

continued

ing from the surface altogether. And then the wind dropped as suddenly as it came.

"That wind was perplexing," Albert said that night in camp. "Let that wind come from the south and they cease feeding immediately. If we was in the sea now, yes, mon, the south wind fishing is good." Huge beetles made science-fiction noises and fireflies were out in strength, but mention of the sea immediately carried Albert miles away. "I used to fish my little dory in B.H.," he said, with true melancholy this time. "All the way up to the north, stoppin' to lodge on a different little cay every night. I miss the sea to a great extent, mon. I'm goin' to get out to B.H., out to the cays again. I could save up \$500, build a little skiff. No fisherman starves, mon."

Our first day's experience showed that we were lucky we weren't relying on that bold statement: the few little peacock bass we had taken hardly fell into Albert's "noble" category. Still and all, I'd

wanted to fish in Lilliput, had I not?

There were compensations, though. By its nature, Lilliputian fishing is a relaxed sport. Wouldn't we be crazy, Andy speculated at supper, to have traveled all this way and missed seeing something that most archaeology buffs would have signed away half a year's salary to visit? I could see his point. In my skewed mind it would equate to some esoteric scholar bending over a Maori artifact while, unheeded at his back, leapt the great rainbow trout of the Tongariro River in New Zealand. I allowed as how it would be fine if next morning we headed across the lake and up the feeder stream that would bring us, after an hour or so, to the Mayan ruins at Aguatca. But I stipulated that we'd take a couple of light spinning rods in the canoe.

We left at dawn, and as we crossed the lake we made a few passes at the shoal of feeding tarpon that had reappeared. Our plugs and spoons passed

among them unloved. Clearly it was time for the ruins, and we made for the stream mouth at the far end of the lake.

Soon we were in a green tunnel in the rain forest. In the shallow, extraordinarily clear water, the little grey bass that Albert called *muchacha* skittered away—too small even for us to bother with. Once, as the stream opened out into a reedy lagoon, we found the biggest stork I'd ever seen standing sentinel—white, with a chestnut-red head and a black beak. "Javara," Albert said. "I love all the things of nature, mon."

As Albert spoke, a little sun-grebe, brilliant blue, incautiously surfaced close to the canoe. Whack! went Albert's paddle. There are some instances that lie deeper than the precepts taught at St. Mary's. Fortunately, the bird bobbed away unharmed.

After the river journey came the long, sweaty climb to Aguatca and, for a moment, a sense of anticlimax. The great temple pyramid was there, certainly, and the outlines of the plaza and of the elevated walks. But the rain forest covered them; this was no tailored site, like Chichén Itzá. But then we saw the stelae in the clearing, three great slabs of green stone that had fallen from the pyramid, carved with the elaborately headdressed, brutal-faced figures of a race that gave birth to the mathematical concept of zero some 1,000 years before it occurred to any Europeans.

Possibly they had hit on it after tarpon fishing in Lake Petexbatún, was the unworthy thought that came to me as we headed back downstream. We came again to the lagoon, from which the *Javara* had long since flown. "Try your baits," Albert said, and we flipped out spoons in the hope a noble peacock bass might be hiding under the stumps. Nothing. "Let me try," Albert said.

I handed him my rod, but he didn't want it. Instead he was fumbling in his bag, coming up with a bottle. "Just a vermouth hottie," he said. "Not so good as a burgundy, not so much room." I looked at it mystified for a moment, and then I traveled back a good many years, to catching minnows as a kid in Wales. Take an empty wine bottle with the cork in, knock the glass disc out of the blunted cone at its bottom, tip in some bread crumbs. Lo, a minnow trap.

It worked in Guatemala, too. Inside two minutes we had fresh bait. 100 sil-

continued



An alligator, found dead near the camp, gave Albert the opportunity to pose as a Great Black Hunter.

"DO YOU PIVOT EVERY MORNING?"

Some guys like to pivot every night.
Either way, pivoting
with the Gillette Atra twin blade razor
gives you the best shave possible.
the easiest. . . closest. . . most comfortable.

Gillette

We give you the edge.



GILLETTE ATRA
THE PIVOT MAKES IT BETTER.

Taste.



No other low, low tar
even promises it.
The taste of Kent III.
Come experience it.

Kings only 3mg. tar.
100's only 5mg. tar.

Kings: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1980.
100's: 5 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Albert's only regular companions are three dogs: the "Farmer's Almanac" and a malevolent parrot, Lorenzo.

very slips of minnow. Albert presented us with a hook apiece. "Fish!" he said.

Now we were doing it his way. Free-lined, the minnows worked their way to the shoreline. Then, each time, thump! "Did I not tell you we have noble blancos?" Albert crowed. They were two- and three-pounders, and for Lilliput fishing they were noble indeed. Who cared about such a vulgar concept as size, anyway? We caught them until the sun was high and the water went to sleep. Next day, our last, would be time enough to deal with the recalcitrant tarpon, because Albert promised us more bass fishing, right at the camp's landing.

And so, in the evening, we caught yet more noble blancos, and when it grew too dark to fish we walked up the bank and broiled them, having turned down Albert's seductive urgings to get in the canoe again. "We has some noble catfish in this lake," he told us temptingly. "Fish for them in the pool at night. Huge alligator gars as well, mon. And we has about three classes of fish that hauls its way up here from the sea. We has the drummer. We has the goathead, plenty of good flesh it has. And we has another fish here that has a small mouth but it is huge; we calls it the mountain mullet."

Good talk to go to sleep on after a nightcap. Had there been time, it would have been fascinating to hunt down the drummer, the goathead, the mountain

mullet. But we had just the morning left and a last shot at the tarpon.

Maybe the fact that it was my last shot on Petexbatun sharpened my wits the next day. There were the tarpon again, predictably rolling, predictably scorning everything thrown at them, until I recalled an autumn morning in Costa Rica when much bigger tarpon than these had behaved the same way. What was it the guide had said? Yes, *the tip of the iceberg*. The fish we could see on the surface were the tired ones, the satiated ones. The hungry tarpon would be deep.

I put on a silver-and-black deep-swimming plug, counted 30 while it sank, retrieved slowly, a quick twitch at long intervals. Whack! The first Lilliputian tarpon, 20 pounds maybe, had slammed the bait and headed high out of the water. That first one threw the hook. But there were others. And others. Once you had it figured, it was absurdly simple.

Albert wanted two to take back to camp. He liked to smoke them, he said. He also smoked alligators when he got the chance—though not the dead one he discovered as we returned to camp and which he displayed with the bravado of a 1930s-style greyt white hunter.

"Maybe the next time you come here there'll be a bar, showers, ice . . ." Andy said. And indeed, as he spoke, there were carpenters at work building cabins for future fishermen. "The Mexican and the

Guatemalan governments are talking about a joint hydroelectric project on the Usumacinta River," he added. "That's five years off, but it could be the end of the tarpon run."

"I'll be gone before that," Albert said. "Five hundred dollars, buy me a skiff. Get out to the cays. In B.H. we has freedom, and the newspapers, and the legal courts. In this republic, mon, they can beat you and grab you and carry you off, but in B.H. they have to prove you done wrong in the courts. But society all changes, I suppose, everything moves on. Maybe I don't know anybody up there anymore, except my sister. She lives amongst the nuns. I'm 70 years old. I just want to make my tables and chairs and fish my little skiff in B.H." He brightened. "Mon, there is huge beasts up there on the coast, the noble marlins. They take the shad bait and you use a hook and a chan."

It was time to leave him to it, cleaning the tarpon, throwing the offal to Lassie and Jet and Cheputa, handing a tidbit up to Lorenzo the parrot. In a few weeks, the big water would be pushing us again into Lake Petexbatun, and with it the big tarpon, the 200-pounders. Maybe Albert will be waiting for them and maybe not. We pushed out our dugout with our gear loaded in it, yelled our farewells, but Albert had his nose in the *Farmer's Almanac*. I hope it forecast a long voyage for him, in a small skiff. **END**



Put your Passport in order

Enter the PASSPORT SCOTCH "Concorde to Paris" Sweepstakes.

Win one of 456 first class prizes.

- **GRAND PRIZE**—Round-trip air travel for two from New York to Paris on the supersonic Air France Le Concorde. Eight days and seven nights at the George V Hotel. Plus \$2,000 in spending money.
- **5 FIRST PRIZES**—Yves Saint Laurent 4-piece matched luggage collection.
- **50 SECOND PRIZES**—Tiny World Time international travel alarm clock.
- **100 THIRD PRIZES**—"Passport" world-traveler flight bag.
- **300 FOURTH PRIZES**—"Passport" International Time-Zone Mirror.



All the thrills of a fabulous Parisian holiday for two will be yours if you're the lucky Grand Prize winner of the Passport Scotch "Concorde to Paris" Sweepstakes.

You and your companion will zip to the "City of Lights" on the supersonic Concorde, the ultimate in air travel. You'll spend 8 days and 7 nights at the famed George V Hotel or another hotel of comparable luxury.

And you'll have \$2,000 in spending money for winning and dining while you enjoy the sights of Paris.

And we've made it easy

to enter. The entry form shows the Passport Scotch label with one of the answers in place. All you have to do is match the other four crests with their proper position on the label, from top to bottom. Just place the letter shown next to each crest in the box where the crest belongs.

You can check your answers by comparing them with the label on a 750-ML or 1-Liter bottle of Passport Scotch. Or compare them with the Passport Scotch "Concorde to Paris" display at your participating retailer.

Send in your entry today. It could be your passport to the excitement of Paris.

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 80 PROOF • IMPORTED BY CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

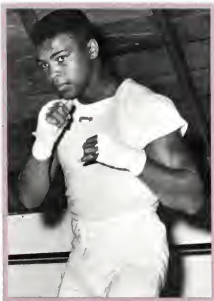
ALI AND HIS EDUCATORS

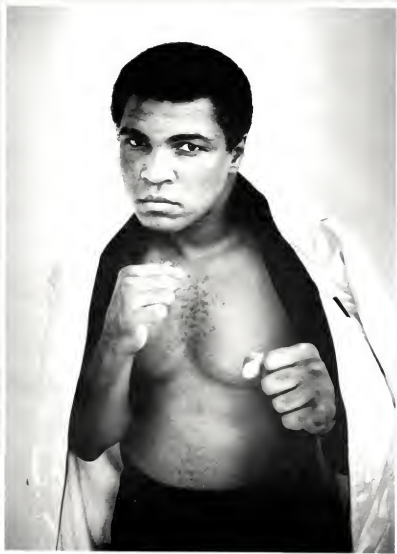
When Muhammad Ali was Cassius Clay and fought many of the men shown on the overleaf and on the following pages, he lived in a \$36-a-week room in the Charles Hotel in South Miami Beach, which he shared with another fighter trained by Angelo Dundee. Not until much later did Dundee discover that the room had only one bed. "Cassius never said a word," says Dundee. He has said several million since, most at the top of his voice, many in rhyme. And probably more words have been written about, more cameras aimed at and more arguments raged over Ali than anyone in the history of sports. In part, this is simply because of the duration of his boxing career, during which he has won the heavyweight title

three times; he's going for No. 4 on Oct. 2 in Las Vegas against Larry Holmes. But it's Ali the personality even more than Ali the athlete that has kept him in the public eye: the poetaster and predictor—"They must fall/in the round I call"; the Black Muslim who refused to be drafted; the shill for bug killers. Yet Ali spoke most eloquently with his fists, as those who fell before them testify. And it is the testimony of those fallen men, in particular the first seven he fought, largely as obscure now as then, which is set forth here. "They were stiffs," says Dundee, "but they were educated stiffs." This education was passed on to Ali; although he knocked them out, he also sat at their feet, as we have sat at his, marveling.

Interviews and photos by Michael Brennan

In 1960, when he was 18 and weighed 192½ pounds, Cassius Clay turned pro and promised he'd become the world heavyweight champion. Now, having won 56 of his 59 fights and weighing 224, Muhammad Ali vows that he'll become champ for the fourth time.







L 6, Oct. 29, 1960, Louisville



TUNNEY HUNSAKER

Police chief, Fayetteville, W. Va.

I was a policeman at that time. Even then I said, given the right chances, Clay could be world champion. He was a nice young man. In no way brash. The day of the fight I ran into him in a downtown department store and he started to clown around with a basketball and a baseball bat, but nothing outrageous. He didn't do that "I'm the greatest" routine until he became more well known.

The syndicate from Louisville had just given him a brand-new pink Cadillac and he was feeling great. He had just won the gold medal at the Olympics and he was something of a celebrity in Louisville. We drew better than 6,000 people that night.

When Ali retires, boxing will die. He is the greatest. Joe Louis was a good man, a fine champion, but Ali is a showman like there never was and never will be again. I was pulling for him when he fought Spinks the second time. A man like Spinks never had any business being champion.

But when Clay made his stand on Vietnam, I didn't go for that. He should have served his country.

He wasn't the toughest fight I ever had, but he was certainly the best fighter I ever fought. He could hit you from any position and you just couldn't knock him off balance. I never saw him again after the fight. I would like to have, because I kept in the game by training some kids.

HERB SILER

Building contractor, Miami

I think I was paid \$800 for fighting Clay. They offered me that because they were trying to bring him along—and they knew I was a spoiler. Clay didn't get as much but he had people paying him outside the ring.

I couldn't find any sparring partners, so I had to work out with my manager, who was only a little guy. I think the people who had money invested in Clay were afraid I would do something drastic and hurt him. It was stopped in the fourth on a TKO because I had a heavy cut in the mouth. He never hurt me, but I wasn't in top shape.

I was an alcoholic. Even when I was fighting I was drinking. When I was drunk I would want to fight anybody. I guess it was my way of getting rid of my tensions and anxieties.

I was never really into boxing. I had a family to support, so I couldn't travel. I had fought in Texas, Peru and Italy, but I couldn't keep doing it. I never made much money out of fighting. I think my biggest purse was about \$2,000.

The worst thing I ever did through drink is what I served seven years for. I had been drinking and my girl friend was drunk, too. We got into a fight and she came at me with a butcher knife. I was carrying a gun, so I shot her. She died later in a hospital.

I'm a reformed alcoholic and have found God. I counseled for AA while I was in prison. If I hadn't had a drink, I wouldn't have been in that joint.



L 4 (TKO), Dec. 27, 1960



TONY ESPERTI

Convict, Dade County, Fla.

I just came out of jail for unlawful entry and fought Ali when I was 28 years old. I used to like going to the gym on Fifth Street in Miami. I was working out one day when Chris Dundee asked me if I wanted to fight some kid called Cassius Clay. I was broke, so I said yeah, O.K.

I wasn't in any shape, though. I knew he could box, but I didn't know how much heart he had. At the time I fought him I didn't think he had much heart. Now I think he's all right. I think he's a nice guy, and we became friends.

That happened when we were both in the Dade County jail, when he was getting harassed and they put him inside for five days on account of a traffic violation.

He was helping in the kitchen while he was inside. I had been inside for two years. When he saw me, he said, "Hey, that's my man, Tony. How long you been in here?"

When I first met him he was a very quiet nigger. They are always like that until they become famous. I call every one of them niggers because that's what they call each other.

I could probably beat nine out of 10 of the heavyweights around right now, and I'd like to take a shot at one.

I've been in jail for 13 years now and would like to ask Ali for some help. The trouble is, I can't get to him.

L. 3 (TKD), Jan. 17, 1961, Miami Beach





JIM ROBINSON

Recipient, veterans' benefits, Miami

I had read about Clay in the papers, but I didn't know much about him. My manager asked me if I wanted to fight him. I said I couldn't because I only weighed 158 pounds. He said, "We'll work something out." At the weigh-in, I was standing on the scales when he took my little finger and pressed down until the scale registered 178 pounds.

In the first round Clay bloodied my nose, but I was a smart fighter; I had been fighting before he was born. But he caught me with a heavy right hand and I went down. I sat on my knees and took a nine count before getting up. The referee looked at my nose and stopped the fight.

Clay had fast hands but he never had one great punch. He couldn't have lived with Joe Louis.

He and I were good friends. I would drive him around in his pink Cadillac. The last time I saw him was in 1967. I went around to a barbershop where he was having his hair cut. I was doing bad at that time, and he said, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." He then pressed \$200 in my hand.

I had a lot of fights after the one with Clay. I would fight three or four times a month in Florida. I retired in 1969. I was 44. After I quit I was found guilty of armed robbery, a crime I didn't commit. I spend my days down in Clyde Kliens' Pool Hall. I do a little bit of gambling and a little drinking.

L 1 (TKO).
Feb. 7, 1961, Miami Beach





L 7 (TKO), Feb. 21, 1961, Miami Beach

DONNIE FLEEMAN

Maintenance engineer, Dallas

I had fought Pete Rademacher a few weeks before in Washington, and he had cracked my ribs and damaged my spleen. Clay was going to be one of my last fights anyway. I shouldn't have fought him, in fact, because the doctor said I shouldn't have been fighting anybody.

I had 47 pro fights but I never really took fighting seriously. There was no money to be made. For Clay I got a guarantee of \$3,000. I don't know what he got. It wasn't very much.

I remember he was very fast and that he hit me with a right hand where it hurt me most. It seemed that he was well coached and knew just where I was having trouble. He

moved real good and if he could have punched harder, he would have been a great fighter.

All's business is fighting, and that's all he lives for. He's made boxing a big sport and he's the one who's put money into the sport. There was no money in it until he came along. Look at Joe Louis. He didn't make as much in his whole career as what Ali makes for just one public appearance.

I'd have to say that even in politics he proved himself. He fought them all and they tried to throw him out of fighting. On Vietnam he had a point and he stood up for it. Maybe at that time I didn't think he was right, but times change, and he turned out to be right. He was a brave man.

LAMAR CLARK

Mine gang boss, Salt Lake City

I first met him at the weigh-in. He was as cocky as he is now. He gives the people a good show. He made up a poem about me and called me the "Utan Farmer." Afterward he drove out to see me and said, "LaMar, what I said wasn't to put you down or insult you, it was to create interest."

I had ideas about being the champion. If I had fought as a light-heavyweight I think I would have been. But I was doing so much fooling around at that time ... I wish I had married earlier. The first fight I ever had I was scared to death, but once I put my

shoes on, everything was all right. My measurements were about the same as Rocky Marciano's. I had 51 pro fights, 45 KOs, two decisions and three losses, all by knockouts.

All said before that fight that he was going to retire me and, in fact, it was my last fight. It only went two rounds. He caught me with a left and a right and broke my nose. There were tears in my eyes. When he came out to see me after the fight, he apologized for hurting me.

I think he would make a good ambassador somewhere—he really has the gift of the gab that you need.



2 (K), April 19, 1961, Louisville





DUKE SABEDONG

Travel coordinator, Honolulu

I never really knew Ali that well. The longest time we ever spent in each other's company was that 45 minutes in the ring. He kept saying, "The big guy from Hawaii will go in four." I was 6' 7" and when he saw me he looked over at Angelo Dundee as if to say, "What the hell do I do with this guy?" I was so much taller than him.

I had trouble hitting him; he was very fast. I threw a couple of low punches just to let him know I was there. The first time I hit him low, his eyes went as big as saucers. I was going to bite his ear. You know when you are in the clinches you get the guy's ear between your teeth and give it a little tug, that usually would bring water to their eyes. Deep down, though, I never really had it to motivate myself to go into the ring and beat someone to pulp. But I would walk 10 miles to get into a bar-room brawl; I used to love it. I'm quite happy now. I'm not bitter about anything. I have a good wife, a good job, I'm in good health, I have a good life.

I don't think Ali was the greatest I fought. Howard King, he was the best.

L. 10, June 26, 1961, Las Vegas





ALEX MITEFF

Limousine service owner, New York City

He was a young kid who didn't have much to say. It was after he fought me that he started his predictions. I think back now and say to myself I have known two very great men. The first was the ex-President of my country, Argentina, Juan Perón, and the other is Muhammad Ali. He was no puncher, he didn't punch hard at all. But he had me on the canvas in the sixth round. The referee stopped the fight.

I hated boxing. The managers and promoters treat you like a piece of meat. At home in my country there was just the manager and he was the trainer also. Here everybody is trying to get a slice of you. I thought that boxing was a good way of making some quick money. I didn't enjoy being punched on the head and risking permanent damage.

Ali and I became friends after we fought. He and I were in a movie together. It was called *Requiem for a Heavyweight*, with Anthony Quinn. I was the double for Quinn and Ali was the guy who knocks him out. He was like a little kid, always asking for autographs. He even asked one of the stars, I think it was either Jackie Gleason or Mickey Rooney, to sign a \$100 bill for him.

Ali was right in making his stand against the war. The black people should pray for him because he has done so much for the poor people.

L 6 (TKO), Oct. 7, 1961, Louisville



GEORGE LOGAN

Truant officer, Boise, Idaho

I gave up fighting because I was turned off by the whole cotton-picking thing. Many times some drunk would call me up in the middle of the night and say, "Hey, Logan, come on down here, I'll whip your butt off."

If Ali had gone to fight for his country, there would be no question, no doubt, that he was the greatest.



L 4 (TKO), April 23, 1962, Los Angeles





CLOSING DOWN SALE

SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

For full details of the sale and the special prices, see the advertisement in the paper of the day and the next day

SALE 50% OFF

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

ORIGINAL CLOTHES AND MORE

Selections of all modern styles in all sizes, suitable for all occasions

Tuesday November 24 1958

No. 170

Price 10 cents per copy

Mr Teng says he will not take over post of Premier

Mr. Teng Hsiao-ping, the Chinese Premier, has announced that he will not take over the post of Premier in place of Mr. Zhou Enlai, the Chinese Premier, after the death of Mr. Zhou. Mr. Teng has said that he will continue to work as a member of the State Council, but will not take over the post of Premier. This announcement came after Mr. Zhou's death on November 22.

Chinese leader in secret session

Mr. Teng Hsiao-ping, the Chinese Premier, has announced that he will not take over the post of Premier in place of Mr. Zhou Enlai, the Chinese Premier, after the death of Mr. Zhou. Mr. Teng has said that he will continue to work as a member of the State Council, but will not take over the post of Premier. This announcement came after Mr. Zhou's death on November 22.



HENRY COOPER

Company director, London

In the first of our two fights, I hit Clay with a genuine left hook with all my power behind it. He fell on the ropes and slid gently to the canvas. There was a count of five, and the bell went.

There was panic in his corner. Suddenly they found Clay had a split glove. By the time the referee had been called over and they tried to find a spare pair of gloves, easily half to three-quarters of a minute had gone by. Half a minute to a fit guy is a lifetime.

They started the fifth round with Clay wearing the split glove. With the second or third punch he caught me in the eye and it started to gush blood. If he had wrapped sandpaper around his gloves, he couldn't have done better with an eye like mine.

He told me later, "You're not as dumb as you look. I have never been hit so hard in my life." Afterward he always admitted that it was the finest punch that ever hit him.

Of the great fighters he was definitely one of the top five. Not the greatest, but surely right up there with the Dempseys and Marcanos.

L 6 (TKO), June 8, 1963, London



BUSTER MATHIS

Truck loader, Grand Rapids, Mich.

I thought he was a terrific person, the biggest b.s. artist in the whole world. He kept saying, "I'm gonna do to Buster what the Indians did to Custer." That was O.K., he was just drumming up publicity and boosting the ticket sales. He kept telling me how he was going to beat me. He kept chastising me; it does play on your mind.

I fought the hell out of him. He had me down in the 11th and 12th rounds. He hit me with some good shots, but he's not a great puncher; he didn't hurt me. Joe Frazier was the hardest puncher I ever met. Joe could hit you on your big toe and knock you out. After the fight Ali told me not to quit, because I was a good fighter, the fastest he ever fought.

But now I try to stay away from boxing because it bothers me. I "almost" went to the Olympics, but I was injured. I was "almost" world heavyweight champion. Those things still haunt me. I guess it's all water under the bridge. I have come a long way from where I started from. I was from a poor family. I was marked for prison. I'm pretty proud of myself.

L 12, Nov. 17, 1971, Houston







A HARD MAN, A HARD LIFE

At least three of those who fought Muhammad Ali are dead: Sonny Banks, Zora Folley, Sonny Liston. There may be more; a couple of the early opponents can't be located. Banks, strictly a left-hooker, was the first to knock Ali down (the others were Henry Cooper and Joe Frazier, and all three did it with left hands). He put him on the seat of his pants in the first round of their Feb. 10, 1962 fight in Madison Square Garden. More astonished than hurt, Ali got up at the count of two and TKO'd Banks in the fourth. Banks died on May 13, 1965, three days after suffering head injuries in a bout with Leonis Martin in Philadelphia. Folley, a stately, accomplished boxer, was past his prime when he met Ali on March 22, 1967 and was knocked out in the seventh round of the last fight in the old Garden. Folley died at the age of 41 in Tucson after striking his head on the edge of a swimming pool while horsing around.

Liston, from whom Ali won the title in Miami Beach on Feb. 25, 1964 when Sonny didn't come out for the seventh round, and whom Ali knocked out in the first round in Lewiston, Maine 15 months later, was found dead in his Las Vegas home on Jan. 5, 1971, in effect from an overdose of heroin. He is buried in Paradise Memorial Gardens near McCarran Airport.

However, there are those who don't buy that Liston OD'd; they say he was murdered. Among them is Harold Conrad, who did the publicity for four of Sonny's fights. "He was scared to death of needles," Conrad writes in a forthcoming book. "I remember when he was training for the second Ali fight and was coming down with the flu. The doc was going to give him a shot of B-12, but when Sonny got a flash of that needle, he wanted to throw the doc out the window. Another thing, Sonny was a heavy boozier, and heroin isn't a boozier's bag. He smoked a little pot and did a little snorting but he never went for hard drugs."

"When Sonny retired from the ring he had some dough stashed, but not very much, and he was looking for action. Some very tough citizens were running a loan-shark factory out of East Las Vegas, and since Sonny used to be a head knocker for the unions around St. Louis, they figured he'd make a perfect collector and they hired him. But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted a bigger piece of the action.

"Meanwhile, Sonny was getting drunk around town, making scenes and putting pressure on these guys. Being the former heavyweight champion of the world doesn't cut any ice with the Shylocks. They're not about to let anybody cut into their turf. So one night they took him out on a party. After he got stinking drunk, they took him home, jabbed him with an OD and that's the end of Sonny."

"I talked to a guy I knew in the Vegas sheriff's office, and here's what he said: 'A bad nigger. He got what was coming to him.' I don't buy that. He had some good qualities, but I think he died the day he was born."

Liston was born on a marginal cotton farm outside Little Rock, Ark., most likely on May 8, 1932. His father was married twice, and Sonny was the product of the second marriage. He believed that there were 25 children all told, that his mother had 12 or 13, but he could name only nine. His father beat him every day, and if he missed a day, Sonny would go and ask him, "How come you didn't whup me today?" He hardly went to school; he ran away to St. Louis when he was 13. When he was 16 he weighed 200 pounds and began running with a bad crowd. The St. Louis cops picked him up more than 100 times; he was formally arrested 19 times and convicted twice; he did a stretch in the state penitentiary at Jefferson City where he learned to box. The day Sonny was paroled a benefactor bought him a chicken dinner. Liston merely stared sullenly at it. "Why don't you eat it?" the man asked. "I don't know how," Sonny said. He also didn't know how to read or write, although later he could laboriously inscribe his name.

All he could do well was fight, but, as it turned out, not well enough. Ali exposed him for what he was, a one-way fighter; he could only go forward. And, like all bullies, if you took away his confidence, made him miss, he became unsure, desperate, a mere shadow of his intimidating self. Sonny once said, "A boxing match is like a cowboy movie. There's got to be good guys and there's got to be bad guys. That's what the people pay for: to see the bad guys get beat. So I'm a bad guy. But I change things. I don't get beat." But he did, the day he was born. **END**

A WORLD CAR IS COMING... FORD ESCORT

ENGINEERING TEAMS FROM AMERICA
AND OVERSEAS JOIN FORCES TO CREATE
A NEW CAR WITH BETTER IDEAS
FROM AROUND THE WORLD



HIGHEST MILEAGE LABEL OF ANY COMPACT...FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC

Top engineers drawn from the world-wide resources of Ford Motor Company teamed up to create Escort.

They pooled their expertise, compared, tested, evaluated, experimented—to come up with better ideas.

The result: a high-mileage car built to take on the world. Escort achieves this high mileage through advanced technology, highly efficient new power teams, the use of weight-efficient special steel, refined aerodynamics and many other new and better ideas.



Escort combines the* higher mileage of a subcompact with the interior room of a compact (based on EPA Volume Index).

Escort will be made in America for American drivers, with other models built and sold overseas.

*Applicable only to units without power steering or A/C. Chart compares 1981 Escort sedan EPA ratings to 1980 competitive ratings. As 1981 competitive ratings were unavailable at the time of printing, your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual fuel mileage and California ratings lower. Excludes dealers and other Ford Products. See your local Ford Dealer after the October 3 Escort introduction for his 1981 Gas Mileage Guide.

**ONE OF THE MOST
POWER-EFFICIENT ENGINES
AVAILABLE IN AMERICA**



Escort has a new-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine that focuses the incoming combustion charge for power efficiency.

Result: high mileage combined with power for freeway driving.

Escort's new manual transmission with 4th gear overdrive standard is another reason Escort is rated at 44 highway. Escort's all-new automatic transmission with patented split-torque design is also available.

**FRONT-WHEEL DRIVE
AND FOUR-WHEEL
INDEPENDENT SUSPENSION**



To match the performance of these new engines and transmissions, the sure-footed Escort comes with front-wheel drive for traction on snow and wet roads—the smooth road-gripping of four-wheel fully independent suspension—the precision of rack-and-pinion steering—stabilizer bar—new all-season steel-belted radials for mud, snow and wet roads—and other road-control features.

HIGH-STRENGTH STEEL



Escort makes use of weight-efficient special steel—high-strength steel. This

steel, along with other strong weight-efficient materials, helps Escort achieve high mileage without sacrificing solid construction.

**ADVANCED
AERODYNAMIC DESIGN**



From its front design to the slope of its hatchback, Escort's lines have been meticulously shaped to reduce air drag.

Escort is actually as aerodynamic as some sports cars—which stretches gas mileage at freeway speeds.

Escort's functional design has a concealed luggage area. And its rear seat folds down to give you an impressive 30 cubic feet for cargo.

ATTENTION TO DETAIL

Escort is full of features like Halogen headlights that give you whiter, brighter light than conventional headlights—front bucket seats scientifically body-contoured for comfort—cathodic electrocoating to fight rust—and Escort offers a special all-new fast-cooling air-conditioning system.

**SCHEDULED MAINTENANCE—
LESS THAN
AN HOUR A YEAR**

Escort was designed to keep your cost of driving down. It has a chassis lubricated for life, 30,000 mile spark plugs self-adjusting brakes and clutch—no-maintenance battery and more.

Recommended scheduled maintenance—as specified in the owner's manual—averages less than one hour for each year of driving (10,000 miles) based on Ford current labor time standards. And ask about Ford's Extended Service Plan.

**LIFEGUARD DESIGN
SAFETY FEATURES**

Escort has a safety-designed roof structure and safety-designed front end structure, steel guard rails in side doors, an energy-absorbing steering column and steering-wheel split service hydraulic brake system, and more.

**EVERY ESCORT HAS ALL
THESE FEATURES STANDARD**

- Front-wheel drive for traction
- Fully independent four-wheel suspension for smooth road-holding
- New-design compound valve hemispherical head (CVH) engine
- Fully synchronized manual transmission with fuel-efficient 4th gear overdrive (automatic available)
- Rack-and-pinion steering
- Bucket seats—scientifically contoured for comfort
- Front stabilizer bar
- All-season steel-belted radials
- Lifeguard Design Safety Features
- AM radio (May be deleted for credit)
- Electro-drive cooling fan
- Diagonally split service brakes
- Pin slider disc brakes
- Self-adjusting clutch
- Front wheel bearings need no periodic adjustment
- Hideaway luggage compartment
- Fold-down rear seat for extra cargo
- Rectangular Halogen headlights
- Flash-to-pass headlight control for freeway passing
- Handy European-style wiper-washer fingertip control lever. And more.

COMING OCT 3



Whether you buy or lease, see your Ford Dealer now to order your Escort 3-door Hatchback, 4-door Ligtage (both shown here) or even a Squire wagon option—ten choices in all.

**BUILT
TO TAKE
ON THE
WORLD**

FORD ESCORT

FORD DIVISION

No condolences, please

How do you pitch to a guy as hot as he is? Minnesota Twins Pitcher Jerry Koosman says, repeating a question just put to him: "You don't. I wouldn't be embarrassed to walk him. Better that than letting him get to you for a double or homer. You can call me gutless or whatever, but you just don't challenge a guy like that."

The subject of Koosman's awe steps into the lefthanded batter's box and plants his back foot hard against the chalked rear line. Then he puts his front foot at about a 45-degree angle to the back one, forming a radically open stance, points his lead foot toward the pitcher. Both knees are bent so he is in a deep crouch; his upper body is doubled over the plate. The impression is one of a man afflicted with a severe case of arthritis, but there's nothing sickly about the way the ball jumps off the bat.

As the issuer of this unorthodox stance, Milwaukee's Cecil Cooper, says, "When I'm at the plate I'm in a world of my own." That world is at least in the same galaxy as that of George Brett. While Cooper trailed Brett in average, .396-.357 at week's end, he was second to none among big-leaguers in RBIs, with 108. Cooper was also leading the American League in total bases (296), and was tied for second in the league in hits (196), fourth in slugging percentage (.539) and sixth in on-base percentage (.398).

Those are Most Valuable Player numbers in just about any season—except the Year of George Brett, a situation that has prompted well-wishers to qualify their congratulations to Cooper: "Great year. It's a shame that . . ." they say, or, "You know, under normal circumstances . . ." Such remarks have rarely been heard since another Cecil, last name Travis, hit .359 and no one noticed. He had the misfortune of doing it in 1941, the season Ted Williams hit .406.

"A guy in Kansas City told me that," Cooper says. "I guess he wanted me to know I was destined to finish second."

Although Brewer Cecil Cooper's .357 hitting season has been obscured by the Year of Brett, he needs no sympathy

No, the observant fan wasn't Brett, although he and Cooper have talked numbers. "The last time we were in K.C. he came up to me and said, 'O.K., you get two hits tonight, and I'll get two,'" Cooper says. "He said he wasn't feeling well, so I could have the RBIs if I wanted."

Cooper thanks Brett and affords to be generous: "He's a machine. It's like he's running on eight cylinders, and I'm on six. Maybe he's a V-8 and I'm a regular 8? I want him to hit .400 if he can. It would be amazing."

Cooper, 30, has a graceful, almost regal presence. He is also unflappable, which has been particularly helpful this year, because of Brett's long shadow. And he's notably patient. "I'm always willing to talk and I'll listen to other people," he says. "I may not follow their advice, but I have to show respect by listening."

"One of the best things about him is that, although he's one of the best, he never toots his own horn," says Brewer Outfielder Dick Davis. To be sure, Cooper isn't the rah-rah type, but he and the unofficial team captain, Sal Bando, are definitely the leaders of the Brewers.

According to Bando, Cooper is phenomenal. "I've been around guys who have had fantastic

years—Reggie Jackson, Dick Allen, whoever—but Cecil has had the most complete year I've ever seen," says Bando. "I call him Black Magic. Pitchers don't know what to do with him because he can make his bat do everything but talk."

And he has done it with consistency. Cooper has batted .317 or better in every month of the season and has had hitting streaks of 21, 16 and 15 games. He has had at least one hit in 82% of his games, on 19 occasions he has had three or more hits. He almost certainly will become the first Brewer to get 200 hits in a season. And all the while he has played first base with the skill that earned him a Gold Glove in 1979.

Cooper's weird batting stance is patterned after that of another hard-hitting first baseman, Rod Carew. "It's the same

continued



no taste in your low tar?

Just try the refreshing taste sensation of extra low 'tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS! It goes well beyond mere tobacco taste. So when you find that ordinary low 'tar' cigarettes taste flat and bland, your answer is the coolest low 'tar' of them all...extra low 'tar' KOOL SUPER LIGHTS! C'mon up to KOOL!



the coolest
taste around



Original KOOL Low 'Tar' KOOL

**Long famous for
coolness in smoking.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Super Lights Kings, 7 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, Milder Kings, 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method, Filter Kings, 16 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jan. '80

CANADA AT ITS BEST.®

Light. Smooth. Imported Canadian Mist®
The whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.



Share some tonight.

IMPORTED BY B-F SPIRITS LTD., N.Y., N.Y. CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 50 PROOF. © 1979.

Photographed at Lake Louise, Jasper, Canada

swing, same everything. Mine is just opened up more," Cooper says. "Before I found this one, I used to go through three or four different stances a game."

Cooper, wiry-strong at 6'2" and 190 pounds, has one edge over Carew—power; he had 21 homers at the end of last week. But until this season he never had a Carew-like average because he relied too much on his hands and wrists when he was hitting. Pitchers knew Cooper could be had by high, inside deliveries. Now he has moved an extra six inches away from the plate, enabling him to get his bat around on the pitches that were once his weakness.

Not that that explains his extraordinary season. As Cooper readily admits, when you're hot, you're lucky. "Everything has just fallen into place," he says. "There have been days when I was feeling awful. I got hits. Once I got brushed back and the ball hit my bat and rolled past the pitcher toward short. It was a perfect bunch."

Brewer Third Base Coach Frank Howard thinks Cooper is being too modest. "This is how it will be for Cecil for the next three or four years if he keeps his legs," Howard says. "You don't have to instruct him; he knows himself very well. One game he's at bat and already has two hits. He takes a fastball. Strike one. Takes another. Strike two. I'm wondering what he's doing; most guys would've jumped on those balls. The pitcher wastes one and then throws him the most wicked slider I've ever seen. Boom. Cecil drills it up the middle for a hit. I tell you, he's just a bitch to pitch to."

Cooper's talents were whetted near Brenham, Texas, 70 miles northwest of Houston. Although his father played in the Negro leagues and two brothers were sandlot stars, Cooper never paid much attention to the game. "It was something that was always around, but I never thought about it as a career," he says. "I never saw a major league game in person until I turned pro. I was just going to be a regular kid, go to college, get a job. Even when I was drafted I didn't think I would do it in baseball."

For a time, Cooper didn't. He shuttled around the Red Sox organization until finally sticking with the big club late in 1973. Boston used Cooper in a variety of roles—defensive replacement, pinch hitter, designated hitter—but he was never able to win a starting job. "In July of '76 I asked Don Zimmer if I would

be a starter the next year," Cooper says. "He never specifically said yes, but that was the impression I got."

He did start in 1977, but with the Brewers, who had traded for him. Although leaving Boston was "heartbreaking" for Cooper, his wife, Octavia, and their daughter, Kelly, he's grateful to the Brewers for giving him a chance to play.

The pleasure has also been the Brewers'. Since coming to Milwaukee, Cooper has been one of the mainstays of an explosive lineup. This year, four of the top five American Leaguers in total bases are Brewers, which means there's usually someone on board when Cooper comes up. And he usually comes through: his batting average with men on base this season is .376. "It's easy to get caught up in hitting here," Cooper says. "Because so many of us hit, there's no pressure to try and do it all yourself. When there's a man on, you don't say, 'I gotta do it,' but, 'I've got a chance to do it.'"

Which is how Cooper feels about chasing Brett. "So I hit .360 and don't win the batting title, well, at least the man who beat me hit around .400," he says. "That's some consolation."

The same goes for all those people offering condolences. "I don't get tired of hearing from them," Cooper says, "because I can remember when no one would come around at all."

THE WEEK

(Sept. 7-13)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL EAST Who says there are no new strategies left in baseball? Certainly not Manager Earl Weaver of the Orioles (6-2). Baltimore's announced designated hitter for Thursday's game in Toronto was No. 23 on your scorecard, and hours later, when the game was over, there was old No. 23 sitting on a stool in front of his locker with a bucket over his head, ready to answer reporters' questions. But wait! The bucket was empty, the uniform stuffed. In fact, the real No. 23, Pitcher Tippy Martinez, was in Pueblo, Colo. visiting relatives. The previous night another starting DH, Pitcher Steve Stone, was in Chicago while the game was in Detroit. It was old master Weaver up to new tricks, waiting to see who was pitching for the other guys before committing himself to a real DH, who would then appear as a pinch hitter for the announced DH. And it was legal, although the league will seek to

have the "games played" removed from the Orioles pitchers' offensive stats.

The Orioles swept four from the Tigers, one thanks to Pat Kelly, who finally made good on an old request by his manager. Last year, when Kelly, a born-again Christian, told Weaver he was walking with God, Weaver replied, "I'd rather you walk with the bases loaded." On Wednesday, Kelly did just that, to get his fifth RBI of an 8-4 win. His first four came on a pinch grand slam.

Even hotter than the Orioles were the Yankees (6-1), who, in beating the Red Sox three straight, the Blue Jays twice and the Angels once, got spectacular defense: in initiating one second-to-home double play in Boston, Willie Randolph made the play of the year, decade or century, depending on who was describing it. They also had timely hitting. Bob Watson hit a grand slam against his former Red Sox mates, and Bucky added another dent, hitting .667. The starting pitching was solid, too, with Tommy John (21-7) and Rudy May each winning twice. And the relieving was nothing short of superb. Rich Gossage, who had had just three days off in a nine-day span, got four saves and gave up one hit while striking out six in five innings.

Only the Yankees' owner failed to show class. After New York lost 6-4 to the Blue Jays (4-4), George Steinbrenner told League President Lee MacPhail that he hoped the Jays would also use their best pitchers against the Orioles, who were following the Yankees into Toronto. "Are they supposed to pitch with just two days' rest?" Manager Bobby Matlack asked angrily. No matter, Toronto's third-best pitcher, Joey McLaughlin, beat Baltimore 7-5 to give the Blue Jays their most season wins, 60, in their five-year history.

"The last three days have been as dull as you're going to see," lamented Detroit (2-5) skipper Sparky Anderson after his team lost to Minnesota 3-1. Not quite. The Tigers were even more soporific while losing their next four games—all to Baltimore—to extend their losing streak to six. By week's end Detroit was able to win twice—the second a 7-4, 13-inning victory—over Cleveland (1-5). The Indians, who just three weeks ago had closed to within 9½ games of first place, finished the week 18 behind.

NY 90-52 BAL 86-56 BOS 75-64 MIL 75-67
DET 73-68 CLEV 71-69 TOR 60-82

AL WEST "When a team loses four out of six, they say it's a slump," said Manager Jim Frey of Kansas City (2-5). "If it's a team that's challenging for the lead, they say you're trying too hard. When you have a big lead and do the same thing, it's a lull." Whatever one calls it, the Royals were doing it, and in the process the Yankees passed K.C. and became baseball's winningest team. And baseball's best hitter had to sit and watch George Brett, who

command

had injured his right hand the previous Saturday, missed the entire week. But still, the Royals' magic number was down to four. The bright spots: Willie Wilson became the first player in the majors to get 200 hits. Willie Aikes went 12 for 28 (.429), scored seven runs, drove in 11 and had four homers, and Dennis Leonard won his 17th and 18th games.

Brett's replacement in third was Jamie Quirk. Oakland (5-1) Manager Billy Martin wasn't impressed. "I don't know what he is," said Martin, "but he ain't no third baseman." The A's got credit for five bunt singles in a 9-5 victory over the Royals, but two of them were misplayed into hits by Quirk. Meanwhile Martin was mightily impressed by his players. "Our guys are playing like the World Series is around the corner," he said after Oakland had beaten the Royals and Rangers twice each and the Orioles once. In winning his 16th, Rick Langford pitched his 22nd straight complete game. Mike Norma raised his record to 19-8 while lowering his league-leading ERA to 2.27. Mitchell Page hit four home runs, giving him 10 in a 19-game stretch; and Ruckey Henderson stole his 79th base, a team record. The A's one loss was to Texas (2-4), and to righthander John Butcher, who learned just hours before the game that he would be making his major league debut in place of suspended Ferguson Jenkins. Butcher, 23, held the A's to two runs on six hits. Two aces later Mickey Rivers had his club-record hitting streak stopped at 24 by Norris.

The Twins gave interim Manager John Goryl his first winning week (3-2) since he replaced Gene Mauch on August 25. They battered five Milwaukee pitchers for 22 hits and 15 runs in a 15-2 win.

Rich Dotson of Chicago (3-4) had a no-hitter going into the eighth against Seattle (2-4) before giving up a bloop single, but Dotson's performance was little noted, because the game went 12 innings. Two Mariner players and Manager Mauer Willis were ejected before the White Sox finally won 3-2. Willis had objected to a balk call made by first-year Umpire Mark Johnson. And objected and objected. "He kept hitting me on the nose with the back of his cap," said Johnson. "He hit me two or three times." Willis should have known better. It takes a bit of big league experience before an umpire becomes hard-nosed.

KC 88-55 OAK 72-71 TEX 69-72 MINN 62-80
CHH 68-80 CAL 57-84 SEA 51-90

NL WEST It was a week the Dodgers (3-2) aren't likely to forget. It started with a 6-0 three-hit defeat of Philadelphia to close out a 10-1 home stand, L.A.'s best since 1966. Having won 17 of their last 20, the Dodgers were in first by two games over Houston (4-1). But then it was on to the Astrodome, where the Dodgers committed six errors—one shy of the L.A. team record—in a 5-4 loss. And not one of

those errors was committed by Shortstop Billy Russell, who had gone a record—for him—47 straight games without a miscue, partly because of the new Dodger infield dirt. The next night left Astros fans hoarse. Staters Bert Hooton and Nolan Ryan each gave up three runs in eight innings before Houston finally won in the 12th. Hooton said the Astros were "waving magic wands." But, no, it was just Jose Cruz waving a 36-inch, 34-ounce bat at Rick Sutcliffe's first pitch in the 12th and sending it over the rightfield fence for the 6-5 victory. With characteristic understatement, Houston Manager Bill Vardon said, "We always play the Dodgers close." Certainly the race was close; the Astro win left the teams in a tie for first place.

Then it was on to Cincinnati for the Dodgers. The Reds (3-3) were calling it the biggest series of the year. They had just won three straight from Atlanta, with Tom Seaver getting his first shutout of the year and Mario Soto striking out 15 batters, running his season's total to 154 in 157½ innings. And it looked like curtains for the Dodgers in the third inning of the first game when Pitcher Mike LaCoss threw a fastball that hit Russell's right hand, fracturing his index finger—oddly, the pitch was a strike, the umpire having determined that the ball hit Russell's bat before his hand—and sending him to the sidelines for the rest of the season. But in stepped utilityman Derral Thomas, who singled and tripled and scored two runs as L.A. won 5-2. The next day he tripled in the top of the ninth, driving in pinch runner Gary Wess to tie the score. One batter later, Thomas bluffed Soto into balking and trotted in with the winning run. "My head knows we won this game," said manager Tommy Lasorda in the clubhouse afterward, "but my stomach hasn't found out yet." Given the manager's dimensions, that could take the rest of the season.

The three losses to Cincinnati stopped the Braves' (3-3) winning streak at seven and gave them a 1-14 record against the Reds for the year, having been outscored 92-28 by Cincinnati. The Braves bounced back to break a seven-game Padre winning streak. Bob Horner hit a single, double and homer and drove in three runs in a 5-3 win the following evening. But the Padres (3-2) had a bright spot of their own. "It looks like we've got a left-handed Rollie Fingers," said Catcher Gene Tenorio of rookie Gary Lucas, who got two saves and had given up just one run in his last 16 relief appearances.

Giant (1-4) Manager Dave Bristol was desolate about his pitching. "We gave up 12 walks to San Diego on Tuesday, and I asked myself, 'Why are we pitching so fine? Are we facing the Bronx Bombers?'" And his hitting: "I get so darned mad, I'm pitching batting practice, and they can't even swing me."

HOUS 81-80 L.A. 81-69 CIN 77-65 ATL 73-88
SF 67-74 SD 82-80

NL EAST A trail of blue towels greeted Bill Gullickson as he reached the clubhouse. It stretched to the showers. It was the Expos' version of the red-carpet treatment, and they were extending it to the 21-year-old for having struck out 18 Cubs, setting a team record and a major league mark for rookies. It also fell one short of the major league record for a nine-inning game, shared by Tom Seaver, Steve Carlton and Nolan Ryan. "I'm more excited about the win than the strikeouts," said Gullickson, who shared his joy with his parents and seven of his eight brothers and sisters, who were back home in Orlando Park, Ill., watching the game over the Cubs' television network. The Expos (4-2) needed that win, as well as shutouts by Steve Rogers and Scott Sanderson, to stay in first place, a game ahead of Philadelphia and 3½ over the Pirates (page 18).

The Phillies (5-3) got help from a rookie of their own. In his first major league start, Marty Bystrom, 22, allowed only five hits while shutting out the Mets 5-0. And then there was the veteran Tug (Ya Gotta Believe) McGraw, who, after 17 saves, got his first win of the year. Then he reminded everyone that it is September and that way back in '73, when he was pitching for the Mets and they won the

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RICH GOSAGE: As the Yankees improved their lead to four games, their ace reliever picked up four saves in as many appearances, for a total of 27 with a 1.93 ERA, and increased his strikeouts to 86 in 84 innings.

pennant, he didn't get his first win until August. "There's an omen in there somewhere," said Tug, "even if I have to make it up."

The Phils could have taken over first place, but they lost twice to St. Louis (4-4) on Friday. The Cardinals had a child to lead them, too. Al Olmsted, 23, made his major league debut as the nightcap and shut out the Phils on six hits in 9½ innings before giving way to a reliever. After the 5-0 victory, Olmsted said simply, "I didn't want to embarrass myself." Yet another rookie, Leon (Bull) Durham, hit his first major league grand slam to help win the first game for the Redbirds.

Is there anything more boring than a game between the two worst teams in the league? How about one that goes 14 innings? The Cubs (3-4) and the Mets (1-5) did just that Friday night—and Saturday morning. When the game finally ended after 4½ hours, few fans left in Shea Stadium seemed to care that the Mets had lost their 13th straight. But 13 proved to be lucky as New York beat the Cubs the next day, 4-2. And it took them only 2½ hours to do it.

MONT 78-64 PHIL 77-65 PIT 79-58
ST. L. 64-76 NY 60-82 CHH 55-86

HOW TO HELP PROTECT YOUR CHILD'S LIFE

CHILD RESTRAINT SYSTEMS IN CARS CAN LOWER THE RISK OF SERIOUS INJURY

The facts aren't pretty. Each year, more small children are killed in automobile accidents than in drownings, fires, or falls. And that's only part of the story. About 46,000 children under the age of five are injured in auto accidents every year. Experts estimate that the vast majority of these fatalities could have been prevented and most injuries reduced if Child Restraint Systems had been used. The tragedy is that less than 10% of all children in cars are properly restrained in child seats.

An unrestrained child is vulnerable in an auto accident. During its first few years, an infant is proportioned differently than an adult. That means small children are top-heavy — usually until the age of five.

If children aren't restrained during an accident, or even a sudden stop, they may tend to pitch forward, headfirst. Even in a minor collision a small child can be thrown against the car's interior, and serious injuries can occur.

Holding a child in your arms is not a substitute for a Child Restraint System. Some people think that by holding a child in a car they are protecting him or her. But safety experts disagree. In an accident, a child in a parent's arms can be crushed between the car's interior and the unrestrained

parent. Even if the parent is wearing a seat belt, in a 30 mph collision a 10-pound child can exert a 300-pound force against the parent's grip. Chances are that even a strong adult won't be able to hold on to a child in such a situation.

Child Restraint Systems are an effective way to protect a child in a car.

General Motors makes two types of Child Restraint Systems: *The Infant Love Seat*, for infants up to 20 pounds; and *The Child Love Seat*, for children 20 to 40 pounds and up to 40 inches in height. They are available through any GM car or truck dealership and leading department and specialty stores. These have been designed by our safety engineers in consultation with pediatricians and medical experts. We believe they represent a significant development in child safety systems.

Our aren't the only systems available. The important thing is to have a restraint system for your child and to use it correctly.

Here's what to look for when you buy a Child Restraint System: 1) For a child restraint, the seat should have a label certifying that it meets Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard #213. 2) An infant restraint should indicate on the label or in the literature that it has been dynamically tested. 3) Make sure that the seat is appropriately designed for your child's size and development. 4) For

convenience and safety, the seat should attach easily but securely to your car, hold your child snugly, and be the one you're willing to use correctly. 5) It's a big help if the seat is easy to clean.

At General Motors, we're very concerned about safety. And we believe that every child has the right to the protection afforded by properly designed child seats and infant carriers. That's why we support efforts to enact reasonable mandatory child restraint laws.

Please make sure that when you have a child in the car, he or she is adequately protected. If you have a Child Restraint System, always use it. If you don't have child restraints, read your Owner's Manual and learn how the seat belts your car does have can be used to protect your child. And always remember to wear seat belts yourself. Because no matter how careful you may be, accidents can, and do, happen.

This advertisement is part of our continuing effort to give customers useful information about their cars and trucks and the company that builds them.

General Motors

People building transportation
to serve people

Here we go, folks. South Carolina on the Wichita State 14 and look out for George Rogers, the Gamecocks' bruising tailback. There he goes, off tackle, to the 10—carrying the noseguard on his shoulders and a safety around his hips. At the 10, another four defenders pile on top of Rogers, and he hauls the whole mob scene down to the seven, the six, the five. The Gamecocks score. Now South Carolina is on its 45, and Rogers is sweeping the right side. A cornerback comes up fast, surely Rogers will steamroll him. But, no. This time he cuts left, glides through a hole and turns upfield.

In a 73-0 shocker, Wichita State discovered why pro scouts think South Carolina's George Rogers is the best runner around. He's big, fast—and has a little wiggle

Oh, no, here he comes again

With a tidy little hip fake, he drops the noseguard, and then he goes into overdrive to outspurt a safety he outweighs by 40 pounds. Bofo, touchdown! Here we go again—Carolina's on the Wichita two. And where's Rogers? Handling a pitch off the option. Touchdown!

And so it went last Saturday night as South Carolina jolted the Shockers 73-0. When it was over, Gamecock Assistant Coach Harold White stood at midfield conversing with Wichita State's head man, Willie Jeffries, and White must have been talking about chins. "Keep it up," he said. "Just keep it up." Meanwhile, South Carolina Coach Jim Carlen had used all of his 89 healthy players and had summoned a 90th Gamecock out of the stands to suit up and check in. The victory set modern-day South Carolina records for points scored and widest margin. Carolina also had more touchdowns (10) than Wichita State had first downs (six). The Gamecocks had 430 yards rushing to Wichita's 76 and 19 first downs to one. No, it wasn't pretty.

Nor was it truly a showcase for Rogers. In the second quarter he carried the

ball only twice. In the second half he didn't play a down. By the fourth quarter Rogers was so far out of the action that he could be seen on the sideline with his arms around a couple of honeys, having his picture taken.

All of which is too bad, because Rogers should be shown off. He is precisely 6' 1 3/4" and weighs 224 pounds. He can run the 40 in 4.5 seconds. Yet, except around Columbia, S.C., he is virtually unknown. After a turnaround 8-4 record last season, the most victories in South Carolina's history, the Gamecocks were 2-0 at the end of last Saturday's game

leader in rushing. It also made him the nation's second most productive runner, behind Heisman Trophy winner Charles White. Twice Rogers has rushed for more than 200 yards in a game, against Wake Forest in 1978 (237 yards) and at North Carolina State last year (217). Still, in last year's Heisman vote, he finished a distant seventh. And during his career South Carolina has not played on network television.

What makes Rogers' performances especially impressive is that, if necessary, he carries the ball 25 to 30 times a game. Against Wichita State, Rogers ran for 108 yards, though he had only 10 carries. In South Carolina's 37-0 thrashing of Pacific the week before, Rogers exploded for touchdown runs of 44 and 72 yards. The latter came on the second play of the second half. It was also Rogers' last carry. For the game he rang up 153 yards, on just 13 carries.

and crowing. This week, however, they have a chance to find out how good they really are when they travel to Los Angeles and take on that other USC, a/k/a Southern Cal.

There are several reasons for South Carolina's surprising turnaround, but the most important is Rogers. "First day, first practice, first time he tucked the ball under his arm, I knew George Rogers was something special," says Carlen. Hurdling, whirling or just plain whooshing out of the Gamecocks' option attack, Rogers has run for 100 yards or more in his last 12 games. His 1,681 yards last season set a South Carolina record and also established him as the school's career



"I'll tell you about George Rogers," says John Ralston, administrative vice-president of the San Francisco 49ers. "I've assigned me to go to Los Angeles next week to scout him. We project Rogers to go in the first five of the first round of the NFL draft." Philadelphia Eagles player-personnel director Carl Peterson agrees. "According to BLESTO, the scouting combine, Rogers is the highest-rated back in the country," he says. "He doesn't have a lot of wiggle," says Eagle scout Jackie Graves, "but he can make you miss." South Carolina Backfield Coach Bob Brown puts it simply: "There are a lot of big backs and a lot of quick backs. But very seldom do you see a big, quick back. George's talent is two things: awesome and God-given."

But Rogers' achievements on a football field are not the most uplifting part of his story. As a kid he seemed doomed to a life of grinding poverty. His father split from the family when George was six years old, was later convicted of murdering a woman he lived with and is now a trusty in the Buford (Ga.) City Jail. George's family lived in housing projects in one Georgia town after another—Duluth, Norcross, Oglethorpe, Scottdale, Dorville, Decatur, East Lake Meadows, Englewood—always one step ahead of the landlord. George hated the welfare rations and his clothes, which were little more than rags. The neighborhood kids taunted him; they called him "Dirty Boy." Oh, he itched to play football, but students had to pay \$2 for insurance, and George didn't have it.

When he was a teen-ager, things got worse. He lived in a cramped Atlanta project with his mother, two brothers and two teen-age sisters—each of whom had a baby. The babies cried a lot. Most of his friends were strung out on drugs. Not marijuana or cocaine. Too expensive. They would spray paint into a plastic bag and inhale it deeply. "Then they'd just act weird," Rogers says. He was an out-cast. "Many a night I was run home by some group," he says. Often he would skip classes at Roosevelt High, thumb downtown and falsify his age so he could sign on with the Peakload Labor Pool and weed fields or sweep out warehouses for \$1.80 an hour. His goal was to play football, but Roosevelt was a power, a Class AAAA biggie, and George had hardly ever played.

"Many a night I used to cry myself to sleep," Rogers says. "But I never felt like

giving up. Everywhere I've been, God or somebody has been there with me." He's angry with no one. "I love my daddy. He and mama always fought, but folks don't understand how bad he had it, being black, being poor, having bills he couldn't pay. And my mama—pretty soon I'm going to buy her a great big house and pay the light bill, too."

Atlanta wasn't for Rogers, and no one knew it better than he did. The turning point came when, just before his sophomore year, he decided to move back to Duluth, Ga. But to do so, he needed a place to live. And it was Otella Rogers who opened her door.

Today Otella Rogers is 67 years old and practically blind. Her brother-in-law is Rogers' grandfather. She lives alone now, has never seen George play football and probably never will. But mention of him brings life to her voice. "He came to see me with his mother," Otella recalls. "They'd lived next door once, and I knowed him from a little of thing. Used to whump him, too, when he needed it. He said he wanted to move in and have a chance to play football here. I told him if he wanted to be something, I'd help. But he had to act like he wanted it. It didn't mean laying out at night. Or going to school one day and missing four." A domestic who worked mornings, Otella taught George to fix his breakfast. She also taught him to do his own laundry. And she made absolutely sure that he went to school.

One week into football practice at Duluth, Coach Cecil Morris took George aside, shook him and said, "Keep trying, son. You can be anything you want." In Duluth's third game a starting halfback named Bobby Freeman broke a wrist. Rogers replaced him and ran for four touchdowns. He finished the season with more than 900 yards. The next year Rogers gained 2,300 yards, and Duluth romped to the Class AA championship. Rogers has been running wild ever since.

Last Thursday in a Gamecock dorm Rogers sprawled on his bed, telling a visitor his story. It's a typical college dorm room, mostly books and posters. On the wall hangs a photo of Rogers soaring in midair for a game-clinching first down against Georgia. On another wall is a banner, the Order of the Palmetto, one of the highest awards given to South Carolina residents. "You know," he said, "for a kid brought up like me, football makes you or breaks you."

THE WEEK

by JIM KAPLAN

EAST On the surface, Pitt's 14-6 victory over Boston College appeared to be a shocking near-upset. Actually, the third-ranked Panthers played as expected:

- Their inexperienced offense had some shaky moments, losing the ball four times on fumbles and five times on interceptions. Sophomore Quarterback Dan Marino became a hero instead of a goat, however, by completing 23 of 43 passes for 221 yards and twice hitting Bernie Pryor on eight-yard scoring plays.
- Led by Defensive End Hugh Green, who had two sacks and three solo tackles, Pitt's experienced defense held BC to 33 yards rushing and forced seven turnovers.
- Coach Jackie Sherrill reached into his bottomless playbook and pulled out two plays that resulted in scores. After the first Marino-to-Pryor touchdown play in the closing moments of the second quarter, the Panthers milled around as if they were going to line up for a placekick. But, suddenly, Center Russ Grimm sideslapped the ball to End Rocky Jackson, who followed a phalanx of blockers into the end zone for two points. The decoy play became important when BC scored in the third quarter on a 35-yard pass from John Loughery to Jon Schoen. Trailing 8-6, the Eagles had to try a two-point conversion of their own and failed. A few minutes later Marino destroyed the BC defense by rolling left and then throwing across the field to the unguarded Pryor for his second TD.

Rutgers whipped Temple 21-3 as Ed McMichael completed 15 of 19 passes for 175 yards. Jerry Bennett threw to Split End Mike Fahnestock for 10 completions, 149 yards and two touchdowns as Army trounced Holy Cross 28-7.

PITT (1-0)
PENN STATE (1-0) RUTGERS (1-0)

MIDWEST While top-ranked Ohio State had its troubles with Syracuse (page 22), Big Ten archrival Michigan was pressed even harder by lowly Northwestern before winning 17-10. Indeed, with 11 minutes left, the Wolverines, who were the 32-point favorites, were fortunate to be tied 10-10, having scored a field goal following a Northwestern fumble and a touchdown after the Wildcats were penalized for having 12 men on the field for a Michigan punt. With 10:59 to go, Sophomore Quarterback Rich Hewlett put Michigan ahead for good with his second scoring pass of the day, a 23-yarder, to classmate Anthony Carter.

Oklahoma, another heavy favorite, needed a fourth-quarter fumble, an unusual safety

continued

and a long pass to beat Kentucky 29-7. Trailung 7-0 at the half, Oklahoma tied the score on sophomore Ches Winters' 13-yard run and Ali Haji-Sheikh's PAT. The Sooners took the lead early in the fourth quarter, after Kentucky fumbled on its own 28. Quarterback J.C. Watts hit Steve Rhodes on a 21-yard pass play, setting up David Overstreet's TD run. Oklahoma subsequently got a safety when Kentucky's Randy Jenkins was called for intentionally grounding the ball from his own end zone. Taking the ensuing free kick, Sooner freshman George Rhymes set up Watts' 12-yard touchdown run with a 36-yard runback, and Watts completed the scoring with a 74-yard bomb to Split End Bobby Grayson.

A third favorite, Purdue, got by Wisconsin 12-6 on field goals of 30, 48, 19 and 40 yards by Rick Anderson. The Boilermakers were more than satisfied, however, because Quarterback Mark Herrmann, who had missed Purdue's season-opening loss to Notre Dame with a sprained thumb, completed 27 of 43 passes for 347 yards.

Yet another ranked team, No. 17 Missouri, beat New Mexico 47-16 in a game that was much closer than the final score indicates. Having upset BYU the previous week, New Mexico used a 5-3 defense to bottle up Missouri's running game and trailed just 19-10 with a minute left in the third quarter. Then Tiger Quarterback Phil Bradley hit Running Back Terry Hill on a 68-yard scoring play, and then Missouri scored three more times in only 1:43.

The only heavy favorite to win early was eighth-ranked Nebraska, a 55-9 victor over Utah. The Cornhuskers gained 672 yards with I-back Jarvis Redwine getting 179 of them on 17 carries and scoring three times.

Low used a rattle-dazzle play to upset Indiana 16-7. With 1:44 left in the first half, 4'10", 156-pound sophomore Jeff Brown took a peltout, headed into the Indiana line and handed off to Quarterback Phil Swess, who ran to his left. Seeing Wingback Doug Donahue alone in the end zone, Swess pulled up and threw him a 24-yard scoring pass.

OHIO STATE (1-0) NEBRASKA (1-0) OKLAHOMA (1-0)

SOUTHWEST Auburn scored its first touchdown of the 1970s on a pass by Pat Sullivan, and the Tigers got their first TD of the 1980s on a pass by Pat's brother, Joe, a 15-yard completion to Bill Gresham that beat TCU 16-7. The game was a dream come true both for Sullivan, a third-string quarterback given a start when Charles Thomas and Randy Campbell were injured, and Gresham, who had been moved to tight end after a season as an interior lineman.

The SMU-North Texas State game took place despite double tragedy. SMU Linebacker Pete Collins was killed in an auto crash in

early August, and the night before the game North Texas State Back Bernard Jackson was shot to death outside a bar. Though Eagles' Coach Jerry Moore denied that the shooting had affected his team, North Texas State was obviously shaky, giving up a touchdown on the first play of the game, turning the ball over nine times and losing 28-9.

To rest Famous Amos Lawrence in the 90° heat at Texas Tech—the thermometer recorded a melting 130° on the AstroTurf—North Carolina Coach Dick Crum used Kelvin Bryant at running back for most of the second half. The move paid off when Bryant caught a 58-yard fourth-quarter pass from Rod Elkins to give the Tar Heels a 9-3 win.

TEXAS (1-0) ARKANSAS (0-1) SMU (1-0)

SOUTH The sun shone on all the Division I teams in the Sunshine State. Florida beat California 41-13, Florida State whipped Louisville 52-0, and Miami defeated Florida A&M 49-0. Florida State defenders held Louisville to minus-five yards rushing, and Florida Quarterback Bob Hewko had 10 completions for 146 yards and two touchdowns in leading the Gators to their first win in 14 games. In defeat, Cal's Rich Campbell set an NCAA record by completing 43 passes.

Georgia freshman Running Back Herschel Walker scored three touchdowns and rushed for 145 yards as the Bulldogs routed Texas A&M 42-0. Beaten 16-15 by Georgia on the last play of the game the previous week, Tennessee was again victimized, this time by USC, when Eric Hipp's 47-yard field goal with no time left on the clock knocked off the Vols 20-17. A screaming crowd of 95,049 at Tennessee's Neyland Stadium made every effort to distract Hipp, and the Vols called their last time-out before the placement, hoping Hipp would get the jitters. He didn't. There were other Trojan heroes. Marcus Allen, in the tradition of USC I-backs, carried 39 times for 132 yards, while Quarterback Gordon Adams, in his first start, hit on 17 of 25 passes for 170 yards. Tennessee Linebacker Chris Bolton had 20 tackles. "This was college football at its best," said USC Coach John Robinson. "Ninety-five thousand people, two good teams going at each other. We love this kind of thing." Less enthralled by the joys of football were Memphis State, a 61-7 loser to Mississippi, and Louisiana Tech, beaten 31-11 by Mississippi State.

ALABAMA (1-0) NORTH CAROLINA (2-0) GEORGIA (2-0)

WEST It was the week's strangest set of statistics: Colorado outdid UCLA in first downs (20-18), yards passing (205-85), offensive plays (82-66) and total yardage (430-352), but UCLA crushed Col-

orado in points (56-14). Led by Freeman McNeil's rushing—he had 111 yards in 14 carries—UCLA rolled up a 56-0 halftime lead. Whereupon Bruin Coach Terry Donahue emptied his bench, allowing Colorado to accumulate meaningless second-half yardage.

Slow-starting Washington used a different script but ended with the same sort of result—a 50-7 trouncing of Air Force. The Huskies trailed 7-6 early in the second quarter when Chuck Nelson missed a conversion attempt, breaking a streak of 111 successful extra-point tries by Washington placekickers. But after shaking off his nervousness, Nelson hit a 46-yard field goal and the Huskies began to roll. In all, Quarterback Tom Flick completed 18 of 24 passes for 316 yards and a host of Husky backs rushed for 257 yards, much to the relief of Coach Don James. "I thought at one point in the first quarter that we were one of the worst college football teams I've ever seen," he said.

Dispiriting James was Houston Coach Bill Yeoman. "We played very poorly," he said after his ninth-ranked, defending Southwest Conference co-champions were upset 29-13 at Arizona State. "It might be the worst game a team of mine ever played." It was indisputably the best game the Sun Devils have ever played for Coach Darryl Rogers, who was making his debut at Arizona State. The Sun Devil defense recovered five fumbles and intercepted four passes. Quarterback Mike

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: Iowa sophomore halfback Jeff Brown rushed for more yardage (176 to 136) than the entire Indiana team, caught five passes and set up a touchdown with a 55-yard run as the Hawkeyes defeated the Hoosiers 16-7.

DEFENSE: David Little, a 6' 1", 228-pound Florida linebacker and brother of Dolphin Larry Little, made 13 tackles, assisted on three others, recovered two fumbles and caused a third as the Gators whipped California 41-11.

Pagel celebrated his 20th birthday by completing 13 of 28 passes, including two scoring throws to End John Mueller, for 159 yards.

Continuing a school tradition of heart-stopping finishes, John Elway threw a 24-yard pass to flanker Ken Margerum with 38 left to give Stanford a 19-14 victory over Tulane. Margerum's 24th TD catch, a Pac-10 career record, was made possible in part by Tulane's insistence on blitzing Elway and leaving Margerum with single coverage. Continuing Brigham Young's run of excellent quarterbacks, Marc Wilson's successor, Jim McMahon, threw four touchdown passes as BYU beat San Diego State 35-11.

USC (1-0) STANFORD (2-0) BYU (1-1)

Some things just naturally go together.



Seagram's V.O.
The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
Enjoy our quality in moderation.

Canadian whisky. A blend of Canada's finest whiskies. 6 years old. 86.8 Proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.

Discover satisfaction. Camel Lights.



**The Camel World of satisfaction
comes to low tar smoking.**

This is where it all started. Camel
quality, now in a rich-tasting Camel
blend for smooth, low tar smoking.
Camel Lights brings the
solution to taste in low tar.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

LIGHTS 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. LIGHTS 100's
13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. © 1990 R.J. REYNOLDS

Back in 1908, a filly named Maskette Boutan colts to win the Futurity Stakes at Belmont Park and earn the title of top female performer for that season, an honor she would also attain the next year. But fame is fleeting, and last week virtually nobody at Belmont knew who or what a Maskette was or is or why a stakes was so named. What took place in the 1980 Maskette Stakes, however, will not so easily fade from memory. It turned out to be the best race run in the U.S. since Affirmed and Alydar ran nostril to nostril in the Belmont Stakes three years ago.

The field consisted of five fillies, with a value conservatively estimated at \$10 million. Genuine Risk was one, making her first start since running so valorously against colts in the Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont, and so were Davona Dale, winner of the Kentucky Oaks, Black Eyed Susan, Acorn, Mother Goose and Coaching Club American Oaks in 1979; Love Sign, winner of three stakes this summer; and Croquis, considered just a cut below the others. But the day belonged to Bold 'N Determined, who proved she deserves her name.

At the top of the stretch in the one-mile race, four of them—Bold 'N Determined, Love Sign, Davona Dale and Genuine Risk—were fanned out across the track on dead-even terms, though Risk, on the outside, looked as if she was about to pass the others like a freight train roaring by a bunch of forlorn hoboes. She did take the lead, but only for a couple of strides before Bold 'N Determined began to fight back on the inside of the track. At the finish, B 'N D, as the stable hands sometimes call her, had her proud bay nose in front. She is the only filly ever to beat Genuine Risk, and she did it while giving the Derby winner four pounds. Love Sign finished third, Davona Dale fourth, and Croquis fifth. The 3-year-olds in the race ran one, two, three.

The first conclusion to draw from the Maskette is that, as some handicappers began to suspect in August 1979, the ladies of '80 outshine their male counterparts. A second conclusion is that, al-

B 'N D needs no ERA

By beating Genuine Risk (2) in the Maskette, the filly Bold 'N Determined laid claim to being the top 3-year-old



though they had never met before, a considerable rivalry now exists between Bold 'N Determined and Genuine Risk—or Genuine Risk and Bold 'N Determined, if you prefer. Precisely where it will go from here nobody knows, but both will run as 4-year-olds next season.

Risk and B 'N D were considered good enough last February to be nominated to all three of the "male" Triple Crown races—two of only four fillies thus named. Genuine Risk, naturally enough, received more publicity than her rival after she became the first filly to win the Derby since Regret in 1915. Even around racetracks she became known simply as "the Filly." And Risk buttressed her reputation by running second in both the Preakness and Belmont to become not only the first filly ever to compete in all legs of the male Triple Crown, but also the only 3-year-old of 1980 sound and hardy enough to dance every dance.

Bold 'N Determined, like Genuine Risk undefeated in four starts against fil-

lies as a 2-year-old, was led by her trainer, Neil Drysdale, and owner, Corbin Robertson of Houston, down the other fork in the road, the one over which only fillies run. B 'N D (by Bold and Brave from Pidi, who is by '54 Derby winner Determiner) competed against the top fillies in California, Arkansas, Kentucky and New York and lost only twice.

The first defeat, in February at Santa Anita, was the result of a strange incident. Bold 'N Determined was recovering from a slight fever but was nonetheless going in the Santa Ynez Stakes against an excellent field. As she was led from her barn toward the paddock, a man "acting crazy," according to Drysdale, sprang from the track kitchen and fell down beside the filly. Upset, Bold 'N Determined reared and left her race on the backstretch. Trainers maintain there are 1,001 ways to lose a horserace, but Bold 'N Determined made it 1,002.

Her only other defeat in 12 starts occurred in the Mother Goose at Belmont

(continued)



"It's like three engines in one."



Coming Sept. 25
to your Cadillac Dealer's...

Jock Itch is a fungus.

Cruex® kills it.



It's a medical fact: the painful itching, chafing, burning rash of Jock Itch is caused by a fungus that can't be killed by non-medicated powders, creams, or salves.

You need Cruex antifungal medicine. Its active ingredient is medically proven to kill Jock Itch fungus. And Cruex soothes the itching, chafing and burning.

Get fast relief and kill Jock Itch fungus—with Cruex. From the makers of Desenex®

© 1989 Wm. S. Johnson Corporation 1990

HORSE RACING continued

in June, when Sugar and Spice, who loves a sloppy track, caught one and beat Bold 'N Determined by a head.

B 'N D earlier had won the Acorn and would subsequently triumph in the Coaching Club American Oaks; thus she missed winning the Triple Crown for fillies by a matter of scant inches. During the stretch run of the 1½-mile Coaching Club, three horses went by Bold 'N Determined in the stretch, but she fought back to win by a head. Yes, she is bold. Certainly she is determined. She is a strange eater as well, taking her hay from the rack beside her stall and dipping it in her water bucket before munching on it, much like dunking a donut in a cup of coffee. And she has proved to be a good bargain. As a yearling in 1978, Bold 'N Determined was sold for \$12,000, and the following spring Robertson bought her at the California Thoroughbred Breeders' Sale for \$70,000. With the Maskette, her earnings are now \$605,383.

The grand performances of Bold 'N Determined and Genuine Risk last week topped an excellent year for fillies and mares. With Risk performing so brilliantly in the Triple Crown, it went largely unnoticed that the 4-year-old filly Flamingo beat older males in the \$150,000 Pan American Handicap; that Glorious Song defeated colts and geldings in the \$100,000 Michigan Mile and One-Eighth Handicap and finished a close second to Spectacular Bid in the Haskell Handicap at Monmouth; and that Burn's Return thumped males twice in Florida.

Not long after the Maskette, Bold 'N Determined was being walked in circles near her barn to cool out. She looked dead tired. When asked when she might start again, Drysdale said, "I don't know. My horse gave a Kentucky Derby winner four pounds [mainly because B 'N D had run and won this summer, while Risk hadn't raced since the Belmont] and won. Rule of thumb says you pick up weight off a win and the loser drops weight. I really don't know what to do."

The consensus has been that Genuine Risk is the best of the 3-year-olds, male and female. Although she did lose ground by running wide in the Maskette, she also got ahead of Bold 'N Determined but couldn't win, even with her weight advantage. Might it just be that Genuine Risk is better than every 3-year-old colt or gelding in the country and not even at the top of her own division? As of now, it certainly seems that way. **END**



*"According to the manual, this baby will do over 7,000 an hour.
Unfortunately, Parker here can only staple at 312."*

A copier is really only as fast as its slowest link. Which is to say that rated speed and actual productivity are quite often very different things.

Whatever a Kodak copier does, it does at full 4200-per-hour speed. If you want copies collated and stapled, for example, they're collated and stapled at full speed. Which means that, in many jobstreams, a Kodak copier is more productive than a "faster" copier! And it turns out what people are calling the best copies in the business. Your Kodak rep has some real-life examples.

Write: Eastman Kodak Company,
CD0423, Rochester, N.Y. 14650

**Kodak copiers. They may be the most
productive in the world, for you.**

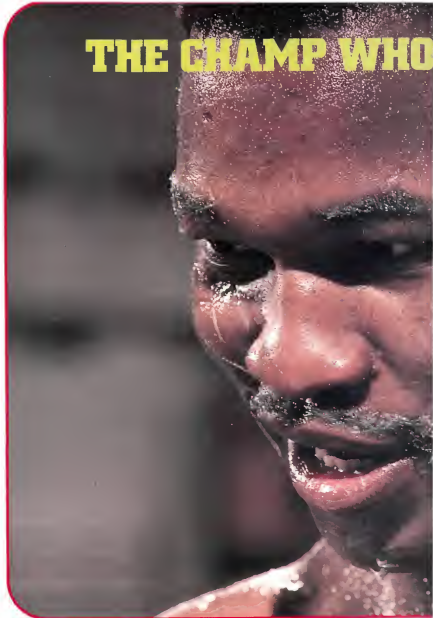


1980  1980

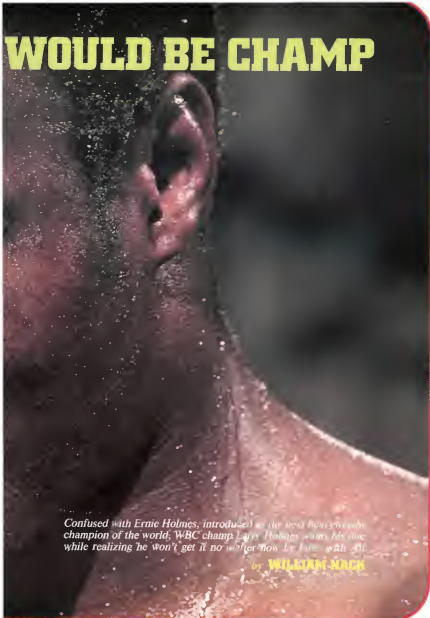
A 100-year start on tomorrow.

Kodak Ektagraph 150AF copier-duplicator

THE CHAMP WHO



WOULD BE CHAMP



Confused with Ernie Holmes, introduced as the next heavyweights champion of the world, WBC champ Larry Holmes cuts his tie while realizing he won't get it no matter how he fares with all

by **WILLIAM NACK**

LARRY HOLMES

continued

I dreamed of Ali last night. We were in a ring, fighting someplace. In the seventh round, the seventh or eighth, he was saying, "Don't knock me out . . . Don't knock me out!" I says to him, "You gotta get out of here, man. You gotta get the hell out of here!" And then the next thing I remember is we was standing together under a tree, the best of friends. That's what I dreamed last night

It's almost nine o'clock at night, and Larry Holmes is sitting in the driver's seat of his white Continental Mark VI, his left foot stuck out the open door, the other hunched up on the sill, the receiver of a radiotelephone pressed to his ear. The world heavy-weight champion is parked on the shoulder of an interstate in northern New Jersey, with the Manhattan skyline rising in the distance, with semis rushing past 10 feet away and with a heavy smell of gasoline all around him. He is talking to the operator.

"This is Larry Holmes, right," he says. "I got a problem. Can you help me?"

A few minutes earlier Holmes had been hustling to New York for an appearance on *Good Morning America* to promote his Oct. 2 fight against Muhammad Ali. Holmes' brother Jake had been driving in the fast lane—with Larry resting in the backseat and the champion's manager-trainer, Richie Giachetti, trailing them at 65 mph in another white Continental—when the lead car struck a piece of pipe lying on the road. It ricocheted upward under the car, driving a hole in the gas tank, then kicked back down onto the pavement and went flipping away end over end, lighting up like a sparkler as it skated across the concrete. Giachetti followed Holmes' Mark VI as it pulled off the road, leaped from his Lincoln as it skidded to a halt in the gasoline slick and ran to the back door of the other car.

Gas was still gushing, as from an open faucet, out of the tank. "Get out! Gas is leaking! Gas is leaking!" shouted Giachetti, who used to build stock cars and knows too well what hot metal and high-octane fumes can mean.

Holmes clambered out and strode quickly up the road, looking behind him as he walked. They waited 10 minutes for a state trooper, but only mosquitoes came. "They're eatin' me up out here!" Holmes cried. "The heavyweight champion. . . ." Holmes briefly shadowboxed, flicking jabs at his humming ultralight opponents, and then headed back to his car. "I'm going to call a tow truck," he said.

So now he's sitting in a knocked-out car, inhaling gas fumes and trying to call for help above the roar of the semis. "My car broke down," he says. "Can you get me a tow truck? Yeah . . . We're on 95, near Exit 16. . . . What?" After a moment's silence his voice rises in mock disbelief.



The champ's team: (top row, from left) Marvin Simson, Lefty Diggs, Wendell Bailey (sparring partners), Luis Rodriguez (P.R. man); (second

"How can Ali knock me out?" Holmes says to the operator. "How can he? He hasn't knocked anyone out in more than four years! How can Ali knock anyone out? The fight won't go 10. Believe me. . . . Can you bet money? Yeah. Bet a thousand. I'll guarantee it for you. Believe me. . . ."

Holmes hangs up, shakes his head and shrugs. "You call for help," he says, "and all they want to know is if you can go eight rounds with Muhammad Ali."

There are few places Holmes can go these days where he isn't asked about his fight against Ali. From the shoulders of roads to TV studios to the streets of the cities he visits, Ali stalks him. Indeed, there is nowhere on earth, not even in his dreams, that Ali's presence doesn't hover near, reminding Holmes, himself one of Ali's great admirers, that he succeeded the most charismatic figure in American sport.

Following in Ali's wake has served to diminish Holmes'



row) Eddie Sutton, R.D. Allen, Freddie Brown (seconds), Keith Kleven (physical therapist), (first row) Richie Giacchino (trainer), brother Jake

star, to deny him the recognition he feels is his due. Holmes has been the World Boxing Council's heavyweight champion for more than two years, ever since June 9, 1978, when he took the title from Ken Norton in a stirring, bitter fight in Las Vegas. Yet even today, 28 months and seven straight knockouts later, Holmes still suffers from lack of recognition, even of respect, and that hurts.

There was the morning Holmes walked through McCarran International Airport in Las Vegas, and a man, spotting him, said to his girl, loud enough for the champ to hear, "Hey, there's Ernie Holmes." It wasn't the first time that Larry had heard himself confused with the former Pittsburgh Steeler lineman. Turning, he shouted in mock menace at the man, "You watch your mouth, you hear? I don't play football." Wheeling about, managing a laugh: "Did you hear that? Did you hear that?"

And there was the girl, backstage in the Good Morning America studio, who introduced him to a colleague thusly: "This is George Foreman..." Holmes smiled, but the comment brought Holmes' interviewer, Tom Sullivan, to his feet, aghast and apologetic: "What a horrible thing to say," said Sullivan.

And there was Sonny Simmons, the promoter of the Allentown (Pa.) Fair, who introduced Holmes to his daughters as "the next heavyweight champion." "I am the world heavyweight champion," Holmes said.

Earlier this month, during a promotion held at a movie studio in Burbank, Calif., Holmes boxed a few rounds with sparring partner LeRoy Diggs in the ring where some of the fight scenes in *Rocky II* were filmed. During the session, there was an annoying hum in the air as members of the audience conversed, drifted over to a beer-and-sandwich table and walked on and off the set. The sparring done, the sweating Holmes paced about the ring. "I think I deserve a little respect," he shouted to the crowd. "I don't put on airs. I am me. I don't go around bragging and boasting. Give a fellow his just due and respect. I shouldn't have to be here telling you who's the best heavyweight in the world today. You should realize it when you see it. If you don't see it, you should wear glasses, because I'm telling you like it is, in living color. I'm for real... Ali has fooled all you people so long, for so many years, and you've got so addicted to his trickeries that he plays on all of you, on all your minds. If you bet on that fool, you're just throwing your money away. Bet on me and support me because I'm the heavyweight champion of the world... whether you like it or not!" Holmes seemed to be expressing the frustration and anger he had felt since he became a contender, since he first beat Earnie Shavers in 1978, since he won the title only 2½ months later.

"He wants to be known," his brother Jake says. "It hurts him when he isn't. The anger continues in Larry."

Most of whatever else Holmes ever wanted is now his. Money and a family are his, and so is a sense of permanence and place. With all that has occurred a feeling of endurance, a growing confidence that he can be his own man. "I worked at being heavyweight champion of the world," Holmes says. "I worked at being me, being myself. I truly worked at it." In fact, since he first turned pro and began his climb to the top, Holmes has been determinedly building for himself the kind of life that he had dreamed of having.

The center of his world is Easton, Pa., a working-class city of 29,450 people at the confluence of the Delaware and Lehigh rivers. During the Industrial Revolution the railroads, factories and mills turned the Pennsylvania Dutch farming community into an ethnic melting pot, drawing to its hills the Irish, Italians, Scots, Germans and Lebanese.

continued

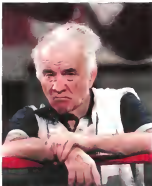
LARRY HOLMES

CONTINUED

Most of the valley's blacks didn't come there until after World War II; among them was the family of John and Flossie Holmes, up from Cuthbert, Ga.

Larry was five at the time, the seventh of 12 children. His father, unable to support the family, left home when Larry was a boy. His mother raised all of them. A bell-raiser and school-yard ruffian, Holmes made it to only the seventh grade. "I had a choice," he says, "quit or get thrown out." He was 13 when he left school and has been working ever since. At first he shined shoes for 15¢ plus tips. "I'd start at five in the morning and end about 11 at night, make 10 bucks and be happy with it," he says. Then he worked in a car wash and later in a rug mill, and played a lot of blackjack and poker at night. Holmes grew up in a hurry. At 16 he was living with a woman seven years his senior, and at 17 he was the father of a baby girl. At 18 he was the father of another. He worked in a foundry, first sweeping floors, then pouring steel and making shell casings. And he played. He bought himself a Plymouth Roadrunner convertible, drove it stock during the week and on weekends opened up the pipes, slapped on fat tires and went racing. "Fastest convertible in town," he says. He learned to fight at St. Anthony's Youth Center in the heart of Easton. By 1972 Holmes was almost good enough to make the U.S. Olympic team. Duane Bobick beat him in the finals.

Holmes turned pro in 1973 and soon found himself under the care of Don King and his Cleveland associate in the fight game, Giachetti, a tough citizen who ran an auto-



Brown is the voice of experience when fighttime nears

body business, owned and operated a bar and often hung out around the district attorney's office and police department, fixing traffic tickets for wayward drivers. "I had connections," Giachetti says. King didn't know much about the fight game, at least as a sweet science, but Giachetti did. He was a veteran of 80 amateur fights and had been the Cleveland Golden Gloves open novice welterweight champ in 1961. When King later became a big-time promoter, he and Giachetti broke their formal business relationship. Giachetti drifted away from the auto-body business in Cleveland—leaving his brother to run it—and increasingly devoted himself to Holmes.

"He was a kid who needed somebody to understand him, to be with him," Giachetti says. "He

needed a friend at that time more than anything else. He needed somebody to have confidence in him and who cared about him."

The kid was good, too. He had quick hands, a classic jab and a willingness to pay the price. In arenas, he paid it mostly on undercards; in the gym, he paid it as a sparring partner for the heavies in the heavyweight division—Shavers, Joe Frazier, Ali. It was in Ali's camps around the world that Holmes honed his skills and came under the spell of that strange man who floated in the ring, recited doggerel and carried on great conversations with himself. "I used to think Ali was crazy," Holmes says. "I used to watch him all the time, like a hawk—watch him walk, watch him eat, watch him talk. He used to say all those things. He used to say, 'I wrestle with an alligator, tussle with a whale,' continued



Relations between Larry and Giachetti are becoming more businesslike, but Sutton and Jake Holmes remain as close as ever to the heavyweight champ

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

© Lorillard U.S.A., 1986



*After all,
if smoking isn't a
pleasure, why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

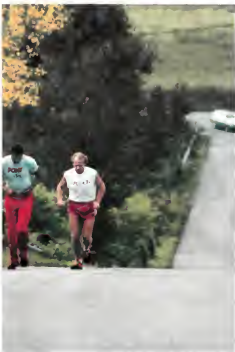
17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report January 1986

LARRY HOLMES

continued



Holmes sponsors a softball team as one of his many civic activities in Easton



Holmes and Klewin are willing to take an uphill road while training for All-

handcuff lightning, throw thunder in jail!" I really thought the man was crazy. He came with me to Easton one day to make a speech at a school, and I heard him talking to himself on the bus. He was saying, 'I'm one bad nigger.'"

While Ali took him around the world, to places like Zaire and Manila, Holmes always reached back to Easton for support. He and Giachetti grew close. Luis Rodriguez, a light heavyweight from Bethlehem, whom Holmes had known since they were amateurs together, was his sparring partner. And he hired Charles Spaziani, the former district attorney of Northampton County, Pa., as his lawyer and financial adviser. They had first become friends in 1968, at a time of racial unrest in Easton. "Some of the police officers were overzealous," says Spaziani, who was then DA. "They went out and picked up every black on the street." Holmes was walking out of the State Theatre when police grabbed him, accused him of being part of a group of troublemakers and took him to the station. The next day, after posting bond, Holmes went to Spaziani's office and pleaded his innocence. Spaziani had the matter investigated, found that Holmes was telling the truth and had the bond returned to him, along with an apology from the mayor. It was Spaziani and Giachetti, more than anyone, who guided Holmes in those early days—Giachetti as manager, cornerman and trainer, Spaziani as counselor and friend.

Holmes says he relied on their judgment because he had to. "When you're coming up, you have to do that," he says. "I couldn't call the shots because I wasn't in a position to call the shots. I had no money. I had no other place to go."

But he has the money now. And he is 30 years old, no longer a young man, and taking firmer charge of his affairs, in and out of the ring. Holmes still regards Spaziani as a friend, but they have had their differences. Giachetti is still listed as Holmes' manager as well as trainer, but he is far more the latter than the former, and his influence on Holmes is not nearly what it once was. "Richie used to choose the sparring partners and used to take care of the payroll," says Jake Holmes. "He decided what to pay the sparring partners, even us. If Richie wanted Larry to spar four rounds, he sparred four rounds. If he wanted him to go 15, he went 15." Holmes now makes these decisions.

"Larry used to figure he couldn't do those things on his own," Jake says. "Confidence is the only word I can find for it. Now he's finding he can do it on his own. Larry demands more. If he's paying you and he wants you to do something, you got to do it. Two years ago, if you didn't do something he asked you to do, he'd say, 'Oh, O.K.' Now he wants to know why. 'Why you keeping me hangin'?' He has taken control of his life—taken responsibility to himself."

According to his family and friends, Holmes is a man in transition, growing more up than away. But, as relationships have changed, feelings have been hurt and egos bruised. "I've heard people say that Larry has grown apart from his friends, people who've been with him a long time, but I don't see it that way," says Rodriguez, who is now Holmes' public-relations man. "I see it as Larry maturing, coming to terms with himself and realizing he's just as capable as the people around him. The people he had depended on and confided in are now having difficulty coming to terms with the fact that Larry doesn't need them as

continued

TOTALLY KIDNEY-PROTECTING. NO SODIUM. NO SUGAR. NO CHOLESTEROL. NO FAT. NO CALORIES.



THIS WEEKEND, SIT DOWN
AND TAKE TIME OUT FOR RED.

JOHNNIE WALKER® RED

THE RIGHT SCOTCH WHEN HE'S SAYING DONE.



LARRY HOLMES

continued

much as he used to. It hurts them because they haven't come to terms with it. I have... finally."

Since King began taking a more active interest in Holmes' flourishing career, he has clearly won Holmes' loyalty and become a shaping influence in his affairs as a fighter. Giachetti is silent on the internal politics of the Holmes camp, especially on the role of King, but clearly the former partners from Cleveland are at odds. Equally clearly, Holmes now leans toward King. "Richie don't like a lot of things I do with Don, I'll tell you that," Holmes says. "Spaz don't like a lot of things I do with Don." The most recent thing they did not like, Holmes says, was his and King's decision to fight Ali. Holmes claims he will make between \$4 million and \$6 million for the fight. Ali boasts about an \$8 million payday for himself.

"They went against me on that," Holmes says. "They told me I should make more money. But I don't care about making more money. I used to fight for \$150. How are you going to turn down \$4 million? How are you going to turn down \$2 million? A million? When I fought Scott LeDoux I got \$925,000. They didn't like that. They thought I should have gotten a million and a half." Don said, 'I can't give you a million and a half,' I said, 'Give me what you can.' They say Don's exploiting me. But I trust Don. I will sign a blank contract and give it to him. I like to think Don is my friend."

"Richie is good in the corner," says Holmes. "He is a worker. I am a boss. I want him to know he's not my boss. I want him to know I'm not his robot, like he used to think I was. Spaz, too. Those guys work for me, whether they accept it or not. I pay them. They don't take the shots. If I have to take the shots, why can't I call 'em? I could be



When at home in Easton, loyal Larry visits or calls his mom, Flossie, daily.

wrong. I don't know, but they think because I had only a seventh-grade education that they know more than I do."

There is a tone of impatience in Holmes' voice now, one that promises even more changes. "Think Richie's going to quit? Think Spaz is going to quit?" he says. "They're going to get a couple of hundred thousand every time I step into the ring. Where are they going to make a million a year? They're not going to make it no more, I'm going to take over the money. They're not going to get those big percentages anymore. Starting this fight, Richie might not know it; Spaz might not know it. They're going to get paid good money. But out of \$4 million, think I'm going to give them \$500,000? That's crazy."

And no, says Holmes, he hasn't forgotten all those days and nights he spent with Giachetti on the road. "I like Richie a lot, probably more than he thinks I do," Holmes says. "He helps me a lot. We slept in the same rooms. We sacrificed many days away from home. But I don't owe him nothing. He sacrificed for the same thing I did. And what was that? Money. He's been well taken care of. He's made a million dollars. I paid my way."

Holmes still is paying. After scratching and struggling all those years, in fact, he is paying his way all over Easton. He has committed himself financially to the city, not only as a taxpayer, but also as a builder, benefactor and businessman. Holmes has made the town his own because he likes it, feeling comfort in its familiar places. He knows many of its inhabitants and can walk down a street without being hounded for autographs. He likes the town square, where farmers come to sell their produce, where townspeople congregate and where the Civil War memorial, a stone obelisk crowned by a bugler, rises high in the air.

Holmes likes towns with formal centers. "Every town should have a circle," he says. "When you go to a town and don't see a circle, you wonder, 'Damn, what's wrong here?'"

The whole Holmes clan, Flossie and her sons and daughters, still lives in Easton or nearby. When home, Holmes talks



Holmes' wife, Diane, and daughter, Kandy Lane, know who's the champ.

to his mother every day, either calling or swinging by, and on holidays the family usually gets together. He has bought his mother a house and helped Jake buy one next door to hers. "I can handle any situation that comes up, because I have my family with me," Holmes says. "Nobody bothers us. People don't mess with me. I'm not black anymore because I've got a few dollars. When you got some money you're not considered as black. We can do what we want to do, go where we want to go. I can be comfortable with my family, give my kids a good education—something I didn't have—give them opportunities. I been damn near around the world, and I wouldn't live outside this valley. When I run in the morning, kids going to school see me and say, 'Good morning, champ!' I'm satisfied here doing what I'm doing."

What he's doing, for one thing, is building a \$500,000 showplace of a home set on 2½ acres of wooded land, a refuge befitting a man worth more than \$3 million and looking forward to retiring on the interest. It has nine bathrooms, two Jacuzzis, four bedrooms, a 4½-car garage and an indoor swimming pool shaped like a boxing glove. One of the Jacuzzis is in the thumb.

Moving through bare studs, beneath the framed-in skylights and among the skeletons of rooms-to-be, Holmes sounds like a tour guide. "Moving right along," he says, stepping smartly down unfinished hallways, through a series of doorframes. "This is the master bedroom, here's the powder room and bath.... Over here's a sewing room, for my wife to sew. Here's the kitchen, where I'll get fat.... Moving right along.... Here's my den, bulletproof and soundproof.... Here's the skylight, where the sun shines in." The Holmes family—Larry and his wife, Diane, and

their 7-month-old baby, Kandy Larie—hopes to move in next month, shortly after Holmes gets back from the Ali fight. He is also fixing up bedrooms for Misty, 12, and Lisa, 11, the daughters he fathered as a teen-ager.

"I can do anything I want here," Holmes says. "I can swim here, get in my steam room here, lift weights and go roller skating on the tennis courts. I wanted my place like this: it's a dream come true."

He has also wanted, for many years, to own a disco, so this year he bought one almost ready-made, for \$135,000, about a block from the town square. He plans to call it Round One and to install his 29-year-old brother, Bob, a serious-minded baker, as its manager. The disco is also scheduled to be ready this fall. The day after he bought it, Holmes was standing behind the bar and looking about the deserted rooms. Winking, Holmes slapped the bar and shouted to an empty room, "All right, everybody, a drink on the house!"

Bob Holmes' quiet voice carried from the rear of the place. "No, no," he said. "No drinks on the house."

Holmes has also spent \$100,000 to buy land and build a gymnasium on it. The foundation has been laid, and it, too, will open this fall. "I don't know what I'm going to do with it," Holmes says. "I'm just putting it up. It's not to make money. How are you going to make money from a gymnasium?" Most likely, he says, it will be used as a kind of local recreation center for kids, perhaps as a meeting place for adults. "It'll have a boxing program," Holmes says. "And an under-21 club. Dancing on Friday and Saturday nights. Kids don't have nowhere to go."

Holmes has been running his affairs out of a two-room office a block from the square. He laughs at the *continued*



The champion's spectacular new house will boast a swimming pool shaped like a boxing glove, with a Jacuzzi built into the "thumb"

LARRY HOLMES

continued

thought of the operation. "I'm playing big shot on the seventh floor of the Alpha Building," he says. He has a secretary. Dawn LaBr, brother Jake takes care of security, old pal Luis does the P.R., and a childhood friend of Holmes', Eddie Sutton, comes by to do whatever else needs to be done. "I'm creating jobs," Holmes says. "I go in there and say, 'Hey, anything happenin'?' 'No, Larry, not today.' Know what I mean? But I need it in a way for a tax write-off, and they need jobs. Playing big shot—that's all I'm doing. I ain't on cloud nine. I'm down here on earth."

Which is where he intends to be come Oct. 2, when he climbs into the ring at Caesars Palace to defend his title against a 38-year-old man who needs the money. In a way, Ali's return is testimony to the problem that has been tracking Holmes since he won the title. Only in the heavyweight division—except for Holmes one devoid of real talent—could the prospect of Ali's comeback be taken all that seriously. With the retirement of Ali, Frazier, Foreman and, for the time being, Norton—Holmes' last worthy opponent—the champ has taken on fighters such as Ossie Ocasio, Lorenzo Zanon, LeRoy Jones and poor LeDoux. Holmes so outclassed the last two in his most recent fights that the bouts amounted to hardly more than public floggings.

"It's not my problem, not my fault, that I'm the best right now," Holmes says. "I fight the top people that there is to fight. I knock them out as soon as they bring them to me. I'm not going to say I'm going to be here forever. I'm not; I'm no fool. I go with what's real today. When I was a kid, I believed in Superman. I used to dream I'd be the strongest man in the world, bend steel and all that. All dreams, man. It ain't real. The only thing real is what you can touch, see, feel, hear. I'm real. I'm here for now. Ali was yesterday. This is Larry Holmes' time: 1980."

Considering how much Holmes wants to be recognized and respected, to be admired as a fighter, there is sad irony in the fact that this fight, the one for which he probably will be best remembered, can gain him nothing at all in terms of esteem. He will get ignominy if he loses, shrugs if he wins. Holmes didn't want to fight Ali, he says, but the money was more than good, and there was no way he could refuse the match. "If I don't fight him, I sound scared of him, like I'm ducking him, and he'd go fight someone else," Holmes says. "And I'd live the rest of my life not fighting Ali. If I don't fight him, it kills me. Can you see my kids going to college a few years from now, and someone says, 'This is Lisa Holmes; Larry Holmes is her dad. Remember Holmes, the

heavyweight champ?' He was scared to fight Muhammad Ali, the old man."

Holmes laughs, pondering his fate. "If I thought for one minute that Ali could whip me, I wouldn't fight him. I don't need the embarrassment. My kids are growing up, and they don't need it at school. But I'm in a no-win situation. This fight is to shut people up. But it's a no-win. People are going to downgrade me for beating up on this old man. But there's a lot of pride involved. A lot of pride. When I knock this sucker out, I'm going to be happy, but I'm still going to lose. They're still going to hate Larry Holmes."

The dilemma is unresolvable. Holmes understands it perfectly and deals with it well. It's as if he's fighting a ghost haunting the house the ghost used to own. "He's real," Holmes says, "but he ain't there anymore." Yet Ali is wherever Holmes goes these days—on the telephone beside a thundering road in New Jersey, in a TV studio, in Holmes' dreams. During a recent TV interview, in New York, a tape of an Ali harangue was shown over Holmes' shoulder as he talked. There was Ali, the consummate clown, vowing to win the title a fourth time, shouting "Holmes! Holmes! Four times, Holmes! Eat Holmes, I sleep Holmes, I need Holmes!" And then putting a hand to his eyes as if weeping. Ali starts crying about how badly he needs Holmes and how much he wants Holmes, finally, in a fagged sob, saying, "I get so emotional." It was a hilarious performance, vintage Ali, and Holmes laughed all the way back to the hotel. "I'll tell you, man," Holmes said. "I really think he's funny. Honest to God, I do. I really like him. What he does is funny, man. I don't care what anybody says. He's funny."

A short time later, Holmes was standing on Central Park South when up the street, coming toward him, came the old ghost himself, materializing right there in front of the St. Moritz Hotel. Holmes saw him coming far away, but he waited because he wanted to hear the act once more, wanted to hear Ali say what he knew Ali would say. "Holmes!" Ali shouted. "Four times, Holmes! Holmes! I want Holmes!" A crowd gathered as the two men met. The Ali fight may not be the one the champion wants, but it may carry compensations beyond the purse. When all is said and written, Holmes may have heard himself called Ernie for the last time. Ali had it right, as usual. Surrounded by the crowd in front of the St. Moritz, he turned to Holmes and quietly said, "We're stoppin' the world, ain't we?" **END**



Lawyer Spazzano before the Civil War memorial



Finally, a hard working boot for an easy going price.

Lumberjacks feature soft comfort, smart styling and rugged construction. Fine leather uppers. Goodyear welts. Padded inner soles. Durable "job oriented" outer soles. Hard workers. For any kind of job. **Under \$50**



An FMS-GRUBB Shoe Product
Divisions of Monro Shoe
Companies, Inc.
Boston, MA 02210

"You hear the roadhouse before you see it—the amplified four-four beat of country music pounding like surf through the woods, silencing the bullfrogs, setting the beards of Spanish moss dancing on the trees that fringe the two-lane blacktop. The parking lot is jammed with pickups, most of them costly 4-WDs with customized paint jobs. Men reel and glare and slosh beer on themselves as they

stagger around the veranda—skinny, sunburnt men in Levi's and workshirts, with scuffed cowboy boots and baseball caps cocked back on their foreheads to reveal the badge of the farmer: that blanched expanse of skin where the cap has shaded the face, babyhood pallor above the sun-blackened snoose-bulging jaws. Half shot with drink, they wear the faces of Confederate dead in Mathew Brady photographs."

Where did this appear? The New Yorker? Harper's? Rolling Stone? No, it's from *Goin' Nowhere Fast* by Robert F. Jones, a piece about Oakland's Kenny Stabler in Sports Illustrated, where the people in sports are as fascinating as the games they play.

Sports Illustrated

NOSTALGIA

by STAN ISAACS

ALTHOUGH THE DODGERS CAN NEVER GO HOME AGAIN, THEIR 1955 PENNANT DID

When Walter O'Malley died in August 1979, flags flew at half-staff at Dodger Stadium and at Los Angeles' City Hall, but not in Brooklyn, which hadn't forgiven him for moving the Dodgers to Los Angeles 21 seasons before.

You may remember that the L.A. Dodgers won the pennant the very next year, 1959. And thereby hangs this tale, which has to do with one of the noblest capers in the annals of American skulduggery—the valiant effort of an aggrieved press to avenge O'Malley's distasteful act of depriving Brooklyn of its beloved Bums.

It wasn't a happy time for the New York press. We had to report on the joy of the multitudes out West, a bitter blow for all right-thinking Easterners who felt that the borough of Brooklyn would never be the same without the Dodgers. (Sure enough, it hasn't been.)

For the middle games of the '59 World Series, press headquarters were at the Sheraton West Hotel in Los Angeles. Playing the White Sox, the Dodgers were en route to the second world championship in the club's history. Proof that they had won before was flaunted before us (I was covering the Series for *Newsday*) in a prominent spot at press headquarters. The Dodgers had chosen to decorate the banquet room with the 1955 Series flag itself, a huge banner that was all too graphic a reminder of the glory Brooklyn once knew.

The flag that had streamed so gallantly for the entire 1956 season over the ramparts of Ebbets Field—the right-center field flagpole atop the scoreboard—read in royal blue letters on a white background with a blue border:

WORLD CHAMPIONS
1955

DODGERS

That sacred cloth pinned to the drapes high above

a row of buffet tables held a particular fascination for at least four of us at press headquarters following the fifth game of the '59 Series, the last one in Los Angeles. We were: Jack Mann, of *Newsday*; Steve Weller, a columnist with the *Buffalo Evening News*; myself; and my friend Charles Sutton, a cityside reporter for the *Long Beach (Calif.) Independent Telegram* who had no great interest in baseball but who liked to come along on freeloards and certainly had no lack of feeling for Brooklyn, having lived there once.

The more we looked at the flag, the more we were angered by its presence in this outpost so far from the mother borough where it belonged.

Finally, and inevitably, one of us—I must confess it was I—said, "That pennant should be back home where it belongs."

Somebody else said, "Why don't we take it then?"

I think it important to emphasize here that the heat that burned within us was born of devotion to justice and was not the fire of too much liquor. It would cheapen the glory with which we were about to cover ourselves to say we acted with anything but high-minded sobriety.

We were now confronted with a technical problem. There appeared to be no way of getting at the pennant. There wasn't—until Sutton summoned the headwaiter and announced, "I'm Charles Sutton from the *Herald Tribune* and we must have that pennant right away." You might ask what the then extant *Herald Tribune* had to do with it, or why it merited the banner, but there was an unmistakable ring of authority in Sutton's voice—probably no less so than in O'Malley's when he told Commissioner Ford Frick he had to move to Los Angeles—and the headwaiter didn't question him.

He scurried to help, apologizing for

not having a ladder. He commissioned some assistants to stack rickety tables to the ceiling so that one of us could unpin the pennant. I volunteered to go up, and the headwaiter was even nice enough to steady one of the tables as I unhooked the flag.

A few late carousers looked up in puzzlement, but nobody seemed suspicious of our actions. We folded the flag into quarters and, giggling all the way, pranced out onto Wilshire Boulevard, fondling our prize.

With visions of O'Malley calling out the Los Angeles storm troopers to foil our getaway, we decided to leave the pennant with Sutton—a man unknown to the Dodger management, or, for that matter, to the *Herald Tribune*. Sutton agreed to hide the goods for the night and then have his brother, who, as luck would have it, was a dry-goods merchant, wrap it up and mail it to me on Long Island.

Mann and I flew out of Los Angeles later that morning, looking over our shoulders continuously from hotel to cab to airport to plane. We saw O'Malley and the L.A.P.D. lurking behind every pillar.

Finally we were aloft, home free. "Let them find out about it now," Mann said. "No judge within 100 miles of Brooklyn would convict us." We toasted the flag, we toasted Brooklyn, we toasted Sutton and Weller, whose constant prodding, "Go ahead, you can do it," had helped fuel the caper.

When Mann and I got home, we decided that our first reaction to complaints by the Dodgers about the theft would be to raise high the standard over the *Newsday* lawn. We looked forward to the day we could do just that. But the Dodgers didn't react at all. There were no outraged stories from Los Angeles. The wires didn't even send a short on the missing flag. Nor did Sutton, our man out West, report any murmurs of anger or dismay.

A few days later the pennant arrived in the mail, and we stashed it in my cellar. The idea was to break it out with a flourish, perhaps with the trumpets of the Dodger Symphony, a strolling five-piece band that had played in the stands at Ebbets Field during ball games, on an appropriate occasion.



continued

A third less tar than the leading filter 85



Longer, yet lighter

Pall Mall Light 100's	10 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nic.
Leading filter 85	16 mg. tar 1.1 mg. nic.
Lowest brand less than 0.01 mg. tar, 0.002 mg. nic.	



PALL MALL LIGHT 100's

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. tar, 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.



THE JOCKEY FASHION STATEMENT IS CONTEMPORARY.

**JIM PALMER,
STAR PITCHER FOR
THE BALTIMORE
ORIOLES, WEARS
POCO™ BRIEFS.**

Low-rise European styling
features a unique 2-layer pouch
and a fashion knit waistband.
Solid colors in comfortable
100% combed cotton. Prints in
50% Kodol® polyester/50%
combed cotton.

JOCKEY

The first name in underwear.



Jockey Underwear, Inc., Kenosha, Wisconsin 53140

NOSTALGIA continued

Somehow, no worthy occasion arose. Nor did there seem to be a proper depository for the flag, all glorious 18 feet of it. There was no way to raise it over the *Newsday* lawn. We considered and rejected Brooklyn's Borough Hall, the Brooklyn Museum, the flagpole atop the monument at Grand Army Plaza. There was, of course, no longer any Ebbets Field scoreboard from which to wave it on high. A plea to the public in *Newsday* to find a proper resting-place produced no acceptable nomination, either, so the flag languished ignominiously in my cellar.

Several years later I donated it to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. The Hall of Fame's Ken Smith accepted the flag and the proviso that he would never return it to O'Malley. Smith vowed that the flag would be part of a display dedicated to Ebbets Field, but he has since left the Hall, and when I went to Cooperstown last summer I was chagrined to see that the gaudy exhibit on old ball parks didn't include the purloined pennant.

An official said, "It's so large, it's difficult to fit it into the display." When I said politely that I would like to see the flag anyway, just for old times' sake, he took me down to the basement. There it was, wrapped in plastic. The flag that flew over Ebbets Field, that was pinned to the drapes of the hotel banquet room in Los Angeles, that lay in my cellar for a few years. It looked none the worse for wear.

I had wondered why the Dodgers never made a fuss about the theft of their flag. Hadn't they noticed it was gone?

"Oh yes," said Buzzie Bavasi recently. Bavasi, now the general manager of the California Angels, was the general manager of the Dodgers in Brooklyn and in Los Angeles at the time of the theft. He said, "To tell you the truth, I thought it did belong in New York. After finding out that it had been taken, we thought it probably was just as well. Rather than make a big fuss, we decided to ignore the whole thing."

Sure, fellas, sure. And a few years later, when the Dodgers won their next pennant, in 1963, they again decorated their World Series press headquarters with past championship flags. They had their 1959 flag and a 1955 world championship flag emblematic of the only championship in Brooklyn.

"We just had another flag made," said Bavasi.

END

About \$75
(when available)

About \$9



The apple never falls far from the tree.

Ballantine's in the famous square bottle inherits its great taste, and its blend of 44 great whiskies, from our 30-year-old Ballantine's—the oldest, most expensive scotch in the world.

Ballantine's. Makers of the oldest and most expensive scotch in the world.

© 21" Blended Scotch Whisky, bottled in Scotland, 86 proof. Imported by "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

When you play super-realistic
Sports Illustrated Games from Avalon Hill,
 the seasons never end.

Coach the pros to victory!



Play/Action performance charts on 26 teams

Full-color field
 Scoreboard

PAYDIRT is their secondary shaky? Are they looking for a pass? Surprise them with a third-down quick kick? You decide. And **PAYDIRT** pays off with true-to-life action. SI computer analyzed actual team performance for a complete pro season* and put it all on the Play/Action charts that are the heart of this unique game system. It's pro football at its toughest...and you call the plays! And if football isn't your only game, read on.



Complete stats on 700 players!

Major League **BASEBALL**

Solitaire or head-to-head, patented **FAST ACTION** feature guarantees amazing realism.



Skill, not luck, wins the game!

FOOTBALL STRATEGY

Award-winning game based on the play-calling genius of the legendary Johnny Unitas.



Match up the all-time greats!

Title Bout

Use actual performance records to stage your own classic bouts—round by round.



You make all the decisions.

NBA Basketball

Line ups, subs, game strategy, you call it, using actual NBA player performance statistics.

Avalon Hill/Sports Illustrated Games ... at these retail outlets

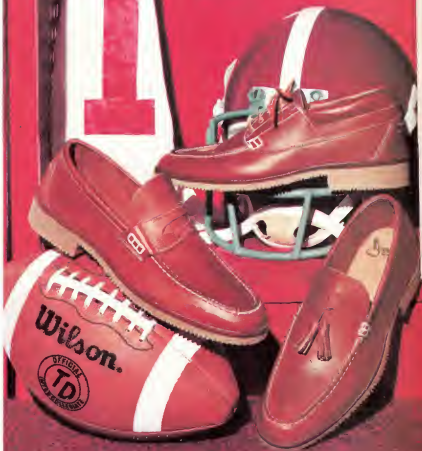
• **CONNECTICUT** All Key Bee Stores • **Greene** Lee's Kiddyland / The Citadel / Mid/Winter Amigos & Hobby Center / **Middletown** Artistic Hobby Parlor / **New Britain** America's Dept. Store of Hobbies / Hobby Surplus Bales / **New London** Lee's Kiddyland / **Norwalk** Kiddyland / **Stamford** Sol's Toys / The Hobbyist / **Watford** Solo The Game & Hobby Shop
 • **DELAWARE** Newark Punch & Judy's / **Wilmington** Wanderer's Hobby Center • **MAINE** Augusta Kennel's Books / Bangor The Gamekeeper / **Bangor** H.J. Childs & Sons / Portland Castle's Hobby Center / **Springdale** Johnson's Bookstore / **Waterville** JTK Hobby & Craft Center • **MARYLAND** All Key Bee Stores / All K & K Toys / All Toys R Us / Annapolis Hacks / Silver Spring Y & D Hobbies & Crafts / **Whitman** Hobbies & Arts Ltd
 • **MASSACHUSETTS** All Hobbytown Stores / All Key Bee Stores / All Toys R Us / Arlington Focal Point Hobbies Ltd / Boston Eric Fuchs Hobbies / **Burlington** Eric Fuchs Hobbies / **Fitchburg** McManus Hobbies & Novelties / **Mass** All Hobbytown Stores / **New Bedford** Heritage Hobby & Crafts / **Northampton** H.J. Childs & Sons / **Newport** Sencio Toy / Salem Eric Fuchs Hobbies / **Springfield** Johnson's Bookstore / **Waltham** Mr. Big Toyland / **Woburn** Heritage Hobby & Crafts • **NEW HAMPSHIRE** All Toy City Stores / Concord Toy City / Kennebec Toy City / Manchester Game & Hobby World / Toy City Rochester / Little Mail • **NEW JERSEY** All Key Bee Stores / All Toys R Us / **Brookview** Shop Meyer's Discount / Fairfield The Game Room / **Maya's Discount** / **Lakewood** Yank's Hobby Shop / **Manitowish** The Complete Strategist / **Deane** The Game Room / **Pearl River** Beach CH Wilson's Fantasy Hobby Center / **Ramapo** Schwartz's / **Willingboro** Whiting Hobbies / **Woodbridge** The Game Room • **NEW YORK** All Key Bee Stores / All Toys R Us / Albany Kid's Store, Inc. / **Buffalo** Clayton's Toyland / **Fields** Hobby / **Brooklyn** Adorn's Toy / **Brownville** Kids Town / **East Amherst** Leader Toy & Hobby Shop / **Hamburg** O'Connor's Toys / **Huntington** Sports Town / **Long Beach** Playtime / **Liverpool** Johnny Jay Toys / **Manhasset** For All Kids / **New York City** Barnes & Noble Bookstore / **Park** & Hobby Playpoints Toy Bazaar / The Complete Strategist / **Margate** Felt's Ace Hobby Shop / **Roseton** Campagna H.O. / **State Island** Smiling Sunnys Toy Center / **Syracuse** Kiddyland Store / **Tenawanda**

Q'Connor's Toys • **PENNSYLVANIA** All Key Bee Stores / **Altoona** Park Hobby Corner / **Bridgeville** Camera & Card Stores & Hobby / **Buffalo** Point Price Card & Gift / **Clarke** Camera & Card Stores & Hobby / **Clarksburg** Uptown Sales, Inc. / **Doylentown** Foster's Toys & Cycle / **Herb's Hobby House** / **Easton** Hobby Hangout / **Greensburg** Camera & Card Stores & Hobby / **Indiana** Indiana Hobbyist / **Jacksonville** Jankin's Hobby Center / **Jacksonville** Men's Hobby Center / **Lakewood** Penn Valley Hobby Center / **Monaca** Lonsdale's Photo & Hobby / **Toledo** Kato's Hobbies / **American Family** / **New Hope** Toys for Men / **Newtown Square** Toy World Discount Center / **Pittsburgh** A.B. Charles Hobby / **Bell & Wall's** Hobby Burdette Hobbies / **Camden** & **Card Stores & Hobby** / **Gainesville** Unlimited / **Murray Avenue** New & S.W. Randall Toys & Games / **Toy Store** / **Reading** Bogos's / **Sharon Plaza** Hobby / **Camden** & **Card Stores & Hobby** / **State College** The Game Shop / **Washington** Camera & Card Stores & Hobby / **Wayne** Wayne Toyland / **York** Race-O-Mamma Hobby Game • **VERMONT** **Barnington** Bennington Bookshop / **Knap's** Pets & Hobbies / **Brattleboro** Red Circle, Inc. / **Burlington** Casser's / The Hobby Shop / **Swarthout** The Hobby Shop / **Watford** The Toy Store, Inc. • **VIRGINIA** All K & K Toys / All Toys R Us / **Alexandria** Alexandria Arts & Crafts / **Brackburg** Harkin Hobbies / **Boston** Record Shop / **Charlottesville** Downtown Athletic / **Hobbycraft** Center / **Pale City** Craft Corner / **Fairfax** T.J. & Hobbies & Crafts / **Lewington** Crafts Plus, Inc. / **Lynchburg** Continental Hobbies / **Richmond** Men's World Hobbies / **One Eyed** Jacques' / The Toy Center, Inc. / **Rumney** Chronicle's Hobby Shop / **Tanglewood** Hobby / **N. Falls** / **Springfield** Sport & Hobby Warehouse / **Weymouth** Hobby & Craft / **Wenatchee** Executive Hobbies / **Weymouth** Hobby & Craft / **Virginia Beach** Pembroke Hobby & Crafts / **Williamsburg** The Toy Maker of Williamsburg • **WEST VIRGINIA** **Charleston** Fountain Hobby Center / **Lance** & Co. / **Huntington** Hobbyland of Huntington / **Mountain** Morgan's / **Wheeling** Wheeling Con Shop • **CANADA** • **NEW SCOTIA** **Halifax** Marmite Hobbies & Crafts Ltd • **ONTARIO** **Hamilton** Loxley Hobby & Sports, Inc. / **Stouffville** Leisure World / **Toronto** Talon

First on the field

NEW *Jarman*
Casuals

Soft flexible leather. Sure-footed Vibram® outsole.
Deep cushion insole. All the great things to
make it number one.



Photographed in the locker room of America's
number one football team, the University of Alabama.

Most Jarman styles \$30 to \$60. Jarman Shoe Co., Nashville, Tennessee.
(Also available from Jarman dealers in Canada and throughout the world.)

**Cystic Fibrosis
kills youth.**

**September 21 begins
National
Cystic Fibrosis
Week. Make it
the beginning
of the end of
the number
one genetic
killer of young people.**



**Contact your local
Cystic Fibrosis Chapter.**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 8-14

Compiled by CRAIG NEFF

BOXING—SALVADOR SANCHEZ of Mexico retained his WBC featherweight title on a 15-round split decision over Patrick Ford of Guyana, in San Antonio, Texas.

PRO FOOTBALL—After two weeks only seven teams remained undefeated, and two of the unbeaten, San Francisco and Detroit, had won in many games as they did all last season. The effort by the Lions 24-21 on Ray Wernsing's 33-yard field goal 4:12 into overtime while the Lions routed the Rams 26-9 on five field goals by rookie kicker Lee Murray and two touchdowns by Billy Sims (page 14). Philadelphia was the most impressive victory, winning 42-7 over Minnesota, as Walter Montgomery ran for 169 yards and touchdowns of one and 72 yards. San Diego, Pittsburgh and Tampa Bay, the three 1979 division winners who haven't lost, all had close calls. The Chargers went 8:09 into overtime before a 26-yard pass from Dan Fouts to John Jefferson beat Oakland 30-24, and the Steelers were trailing Baltimore in the fourth quarter when Terry Bradshaw's 24-yard scoring pass to Jim Smith pulled out a 20-17 win. Doug Williams' one-yard TD drive with 57 seconds remaining gave the Bucs a 19-9 victory over the Redskins. Los Angeles, which at 0-11 was their worst start since 1963. Sapping Buffalo also remained unbeaten with a 20-10 triumph over the Jets. The Cowboys, who beat Washington 17-3 on Monday night 41-29 in Denver's Mile High Stadium, where the Broncos have lost only eight games in five years. The Redskins rebounded from the Monday loss by edging the Giants 23-21 on Mark Moseley's 43-yard field goal with 1:55 left. In other games, Chicago defeated New Orleans 22-3, behind Walter Payton's 133-yard rushing performance. Atlanta routed the Patriots 37-21. Seattle hung on to beat Kansas City 17-16, and the Dolphins won 37-16 over the Bengals on a field goal in the final two minutes.

GOLF—PHIL HANCOCK shot a 6-under-par 275 to win the \$250,000 Ford of France Tournament in Pinehurst, N.C. by one stroke over Scott Simpson.

DONNA CAPONI YOUNG was a \$100,000 LPGA tournament at Portsmouth, Va. with an 11-under-par 277, winning by four shots over Nancy Lopez-Mellon.

HARNESS RACING—FRENCH CHIEF, Stanley Dancer in his skills, won the \$200,000 Kentucky Pacific Derby for 3-year-olds by four lengths over Center Square. The colt's time of 1:37 1/5 for the mile at Louisville Downs was 5/8 of a second off the world record held by Skipstock, who finished third.

HORSE RACING—BOLD 'N DETERMINED (52:80), Eddie Delahoussaye up, held off 1980 Kentucky Derby winner Gentle Jac in the stretch to win the \$81,900 Matanzas Stakes at Belmont by a nose. The 3-year-old filly carried the male in 1:55 1/5 (page 7).

TAP SIGNS (5:1). Ruben Hernandez in the zone, won the \$17,375 Purity Stakes at Belmont by 1 1/4 lengths, over Dash O' Pleasure. The 3-year-old colt's time for the seven-furlongs was 1:25 1/5.

BOLD AND GOLD (54:40), ridden by Dean Hall, won the \$19,255 Del Mar Futurity by 1 1/4 lengths over Looka Like Ryan. The 2-year-old colt's time for the mile was 1:36 1/5.

MOTOR SPORTS—NELSON PIQUET, driving a Brabham, won the Italian Grand Prix at Imola by 28.97 seconds over Alan Jones in a Williams. Piquet averaged 114.1 mph for the 180.4-mile race and moved ahead of Jones in the world driving championship standings.

DARRIEL WALKER, averaging 116.024 mph in a Monte Carlo, was a \$138,900 NASCAR 500-mile race in Dover, Del. by 47 seconds over Harry Gant, who also drove a Monte Carlo.

SOCER—NASC. The Cosmos swept the National Conference championship series from the Los Angeles Aztecs 2-1 and 3-1 in Grosse Pointe Park. The Cosmos scored four goals and assisted on the 60th. Chicago now has 41 career playoff points, 50 more than anyone else. In Sunday's Soccer Bowl the Cosmos will face American Conference winner Fort Lauderdale, which needed a 2-0 away-game victory to eliminate the San Diego Sockers. Midfielders Ray Hudson and Teofilo Cubel scored for the Strikers in the main game, as they led in the series opener, a 2-1 Fort Lauderdale victory. San Diego forced the multi-game by winning Game 2 of the series 4-2.

ASL—Sacramento won its playoff series from California by outscoring the San Jose 5-4 in two games to move into this week's league championship game against Pennsylvania, which eliminated New York 3-1 after the teams had tied 1-1 in its series opener.

TEENIE—BILLIE JEAN KING beat Terry Holladay 7-5, 6-4 to win a \$175,000 tournament in Tokyo.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED Houston Rocket Forward RICK BARRY, 36, the fourth-leading scorer in pro basketball history. During 14 seasons in the NBA and

ABA, he had 23,279 points and made a record 89 3/4 of his free throws.

SIGNED By the Chicago Bulls, free agent forward LARRY KENON, 27, who scored 16.1 points per game for San Antonio last season. In 1981, Chicago will give the Spurs two second-round 1991 draft choices and an undrafted amount of cash.

SUSPENDED Was paid for the remainder of the 1980 season by baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, Texas Ranger Packer FERGUSON JENKINS, 34, who was arrested in Toronto on Aug. 25 after customs officials at the airport there said they found marijuana, cocaine and hashish in his luggage. The suspension was ordered after Jenkins refused to cooperate with Kuhn's investigation of the incident.

TRADED By the Indiana Pacers, forward and MICKY JOHNSON, 28, the Pacers' leading scorer with 19.1 points per game last season, to the Milwaukee Bucks for both forward GEORGE JOHNSON, 23, and a second-round pick in the 1981 draft.

Utah Jazz forward BERNARD KING, 23, to Golden State for center-forward WAYNE COOPER, 21, and a 1981 second-round draft choice. King averaged 18.8 points per game in his first two years. King averaged only 9.5 points in 19 games last season.

To the Philadelphia Phillies for a player to be named later, Texas Ranger Relief Pitcher SPARKY LYLE, 36, whose 231 saves are a career record.

Guard JO JO WHITE, 33, by the Golden State to Kansas City for future cash considerations.

CREDITS

4—Derek Hudson 16—Ronald C. Mode 19—John Jacobs 10—Henry Kuenster 11—Ronald C. Mode 12—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 19—Manny Miller 19—Walter Lutz Jr. 20—Walter Lutz Jr. 21—John Jacobs 22—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 23—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 24—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 25—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 26—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 27—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 28—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 29—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 30—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 31—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 32—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 33—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 34—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 35—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 36—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 37—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 38—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 39—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 40—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 41—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 42—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 43—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 44—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 45—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 46—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 47—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 48—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 49—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 50—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 51—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 52—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 53—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 54—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 55—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 56—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 57—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 58—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 59—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 60—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 61—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 62—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 63—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 64—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 65—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 66—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 67—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 68—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 69—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 70—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 71—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 72—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 73—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 74—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 75—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 76—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 77—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 78—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 79—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 80—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 81—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 82—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 83—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 84—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 85—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 86—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 87—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 88—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 89—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 90—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 91—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 92—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 93—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 94—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 95—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 96—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 97—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 98—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 99—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 100—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 101—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 102—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 103—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 104—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 105—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 106—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 107—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 108—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 109—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 110—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 111—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 112—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 113—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 114—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 115—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 116—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 117—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 118—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 119—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 120—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 121—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 122—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 123—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 124—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 125—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 126—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 127—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 128—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 129—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 130—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 131—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 132—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 133—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 134—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 135—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 136—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 137—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 138—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 139—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 140—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 141—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 142—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 143—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 144—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 145—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 146—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 147—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 148—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 149—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 150—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 151—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 152—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 153—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 154—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 155—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 156—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 157—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 158—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 159—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 160—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 161—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 162—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 163—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 164—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 165—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 166—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 167—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 168—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 169—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 170—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 171—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 172—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 173—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 174—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 175—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 176—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 177—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 178—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 179—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 180—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 181—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 182—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 183—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 184—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 185—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 186—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 187—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 188—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 189—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 190—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 191—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 192—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 193—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 194—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 195—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 196—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 197—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 198—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 199—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 200—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 201—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 202—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 203—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 204—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 205—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 206—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 207—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 208—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 209—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 210—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 211—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 212—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 213—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 214—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 215—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 216—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 217—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 218—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 219—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 220—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 221—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 222—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 223—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 224—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 225—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 226—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 227—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 228—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 229—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 230—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 231—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 232—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 233—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 234—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 235—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 236—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 237—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 238—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 239—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 240—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 241—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 242—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 243—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 244—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 245—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 246—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 247—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 248—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 249—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 250—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 251—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 252—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 253—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 254—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 255—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 256—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 257—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 258—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 259—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 260—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 261—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 262—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 263—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 264—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 265—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 266—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 267—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 268—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 269—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 270—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 271—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 272—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 273—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 274—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 275—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 276—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 277—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 278—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 279—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 280—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 281—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 282—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 283—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 284—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 285—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 286—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 287—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 288—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 289—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 290—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 291—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 292—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 293—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 294—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 295—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 296—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 297—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 298—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 299—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 300—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 301—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 302—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 303—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 304—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 305—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 306—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 307—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 308—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 309—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 310—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 311—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 312—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 313—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 314—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 315—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 316—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 317—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 318—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 319—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 320—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 321—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 322—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 323—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 324—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 325—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 326—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 327—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 328—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 329—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 330—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 331—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 332—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 333—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 334—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 335—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 336—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 337—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 338—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 339—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 340—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 341—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 342—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 343—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 344—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 345—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 346—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 347—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 348—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 349—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 350—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 351—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 352—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 353—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 354—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 355—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 356—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 357—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 358—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 359—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 360—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 361—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 362—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 363—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 364—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 365—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 366—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 367—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 368—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 369—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 370—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 371—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 372—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 373—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 374—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 375—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 376—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 377—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 378—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 379—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 380—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 381—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 382—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 383—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 384—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 385—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 386—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 387—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 388—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 389—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 390—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 391—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 392—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 393—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 394—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 395—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 396—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 397—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 398—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 399—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 400—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 401—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 402—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 403—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 404—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 405—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 406—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 407—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 408—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 409—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 410—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 411—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 412—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 413—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 414—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 415—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 416—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 417—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 418—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 419—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 420—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 421—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 422—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 423—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 424—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 425—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 426—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 427—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 428—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 429—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 430—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 431—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 432—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 433—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 434—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 435—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 436—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 437—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 438—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 439—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 440—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 441—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 442—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 443—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 444—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 445—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 446—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 447—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 448—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 449—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 450—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 451—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 452—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 453—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 454—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 455—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 456—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 457—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 458—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 459—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 460—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 461—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 462—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 463—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 464—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 465—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 466—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 467—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 468—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 469—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 470—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 471—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 472—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 473—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 474—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 475—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 476—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 477—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 478—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 479—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 480—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 481—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 482—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 483—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 484—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 485—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 486—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 487—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 488—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 489—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 490—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 491—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 492—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 493—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 494—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 495—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 496—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 497—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 498—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 499—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 500—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 501—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 502—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 503—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 504—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 505—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 506—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 507—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 508—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 509—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 510—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 511—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 512—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 513—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 514—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 515—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 516—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 517—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 518—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 519—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 520—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 521—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 522—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 523—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 524—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 525—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 526—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 527—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 528—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 529—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 530—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 531—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 532—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 533—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 534—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 535—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 536—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 537—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 538—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 539—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 540—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 541—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 542—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 543—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 544—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 545—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 546—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 547—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 548—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 549—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 550—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 551—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 552—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 553—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 554—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 555—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 556—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 557—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 558—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 559—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 560—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 561—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 562—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 563—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 564—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 565—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 566—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 567—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 568—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 569—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 570—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 571—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 572—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 573—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 574—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 575—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 576—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 577—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 578—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 579—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 580—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 581—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 582—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 583—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 584—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 585—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 586—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 587—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 588—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 589—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 590—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 591—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 592—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 593—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 594—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 595—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 596—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 597—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 598—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 599—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 600—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 601—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 602—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 603—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 604—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 605—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 606—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 607—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 608—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 609—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 610—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 611—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 612—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 613—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 614—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 615—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 616—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 617—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 618—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 619—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 620—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 621—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 622—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 623—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 624—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 625—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 626—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 627—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 628—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 629—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 630—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 631—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 632—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 633—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 634—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 635—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 636—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 637—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 638—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 639—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 640—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 641—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 642—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 643—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 644—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 645—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 646—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 647—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 648—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 649—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 650—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 651—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 652—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 653—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 654—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 655—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 656—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 657—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 658—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 659—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 660—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 661—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 662—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 663—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 664—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 665—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 666—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 667—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 668—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 669—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 670—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 671—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 672—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 673—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 674—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 675—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 676—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 677—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 678—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 679—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 680—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 681—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 682—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 683—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 684—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 685—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 686—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 687—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 688—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 689—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 690—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 691—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 692—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 693—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 694—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 695—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 696—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 697—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 698—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 699—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 700—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 701—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 702—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 703—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 704—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 705—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 706—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 707—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 708—19—Walter Lutz Jr. 709—1

Edited by GAY FLEDD

PICKS

Sir: Just how wrong Paul Zimmerman was about the Cowboys getting nothing from recent drafts (Paul Zimmerman's Scouting Reports, Sept. 8) was illustrated by Dallas' 17-3 defeat of Washington on Sept. 8. It was 1979 draft pick Ron Springs, formerly of Ohio State, who scored the second touchdown. If you still think the Dallas dynasty has become history, think again!

GEORGE CALDWELL
Brunswick, Ga.

Sir:

Let's hear it for Paul Zimmerman's scouting reports. Being an avid Redskin fan recently transferred to Cowboy Country, I was especially pleased with his Washington report. I only hope you continue to give the Redskins the recognition they deserve.

GREG KORN
San Antonio

Sir:

Last season (19TH HOLE, Jun. 7), I criticized Paul Zimmerman for not naming Eagle Middle Guard Charlie Johnson to his All-Pro team. Zimmerman has redeemed himself by acknowledging in his preview of the 1980 Eagles that Johnson is one of the NFL's best and most underrated players. There's only one problem: the Eagles at only 10-6!

JAY RADER
Medford, N.J.

Sir:

Tampa Bay was no fluke last year, and barring injuries galore, the Bucs will be even better this year. John McKay is the most underrated coach in the NFL, and Tampa Bay the most underrated team.

MICHAEL LARIMER
Savage, Md.

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's report on the New York Jets was painfully accurate.

BOB BRIDGEMAN
Camden, N.J.

TWO-MINUTE FOOTBALL

Sir:

Your article on the prevent defense (Tick ... Tick ... Tick ... Sept. 8) hit on one of my pet peeves. I've long been opposed to the prevent because of the many times I've seen losing teams score against it in the final two minutes and either tie the game or win it. I'm especially annoyed when the offense is allowed to get close enough for a field goal—and these days that doesn't have to be very close. You go with your best defense at all times, not one that is practiced once a week.

It seems to me the prevent defense is like

the pulled-in infield in baseball and the intentional foul in basketball—it's been done for years, everyone does it, but it usually doesn't work.

DAN SERAFINI
Chicago

Sir:

You quote coaches as being willing to accept a success rate of "only" 50% for the two-minute offense. This makes me wonder how successful regular offenses are; surely they don't score half the time they have the ball.

JON MATTHEW FARRER, M.D.
Bronx, N.Y.

• The Redskins' Jack Pardee, one of the coaches who keep such statistics, says a good offense will score on 33% to 40% of its drives of more than 50 yards —ED

THE GREEK

Sir:

I have always found the work of Frank Deford excellent, and his article "Hey, Greek, Who Do You Like?" (Sept. 8) is perhaps the most thorough, well-written and emotional work ever to appear in *SI*. Jimmy The Greek's personal triumphs are inspirational.

MICHAEL ROSENBERG
Brooklyn

Sir:

Jimmy The Greek's "fall line" seemed pretty logical until I got to the team he listed as the favorite in the AFC East. It must have been a typographical error, Jimmy, tell us you didn't really say the New York Jets!

Paul Zimmerman forecast a third-place finish for the Jets, which is more like it.

NORM EKKUND
Sumner, Wash.

SUPER JOE

Sir:

Steve Wolf's article on Cleveland rookie Joe Charboneau (Super Joe: A Legend in His Own Time, Sept. 8) was terrific. Joe has helped rekindle fan interest in the Indians, and the Tribe is only a few good pitchers away from being a pennant contender. Go, Joe Charboneau!

STEVEN C. MILLER
Sandusky, Ohio

Sir:

When it comes to the leading candidate for American League Rookie of the Year one need look no further than Minnesota Twins Relief Pitcher Doug Corbett. If his 8-5 record and 19 saves with a team that is 17 games below .500 doesn't tell you all you need to know, then look at his ERA of 2.00, which is second-best among American League relievers, and his strikeout-to-walk ratio is 2 to 1.

He has pitched more relief innings than any other American League pitcher. When statistics—not flashy names, songs or posters—are considered, Corbett gets my vote.

BARRY I. MEYER
Ocala, Fla.

THE HAMBO

Sir:

As a harness racing devotee and a spectator at the first and, alas, also the last Hambletonian at DuQuoin, Ill., I think it's an insult to the sport to take the premier race from us county-fair "roosts" to the big-city surroundings of the Meadowlands, where it is destined to become just another race (*They'll Miss the Corn*, Sept. 8). Chalk up one more victory for dollars over tradition.

DONALD J. FARRAN
Aurora, Ill.

Sir:

Enough cheap shots. Referring to DuQuoin as "a dusty little town of some 7,000 residents whose tomorrows may all be behind it" is nothing but urban journalism run amok. It's time to drop the trite adjectives and look at rural life with the blinders off. The tragedy of the Hambletonian's move to New Jersey is not that it is a loss to DuQuoin. The loss is to rural America and to those of us who know that the big city ain't where it's at.

JOHN F. RECORD
Springfield, Ill.

JACK VS. TOM

Sir:

Your article on Tom Watson and Jack Nicklaus (*The Great Tom vs. Jack Debate*, Sept. 1) was enjoyable, but I don't understand why there's a controversy over which one should be PGA Player of the Year. The title implies 52 weeks of steady, solid play, not just two weeks. I admit that Nicklaus' winning the U.S. Open and PGA titles was great for the game and stirring for the fans, but this year's top golfer is Watson, hands down. He played in more tournaments and won more money, and his average round was better than Jack's.

DONALD STURTZ JR.
Baltimore

Sir:

I regard golf's major championships as I do football's Super Bowl or baseball's World Series. You play all season, but it's the big ones that count; they separate the men from the boys. Winning your division title or more than \$500,000 on the tour is not the same as winning the Super Bowl or two major championships. I vote for Jack.

GREG HANKS
Huntsmeadow, Pa.
continued

"Being active can drain a man's body of zinc—a metal 'more precious than gold' for good health."



Dan Gable, Olympic Wrestling Champion
Coach of 1980 U.S. Olympic Wrestling Team

"Nothing's more important to me than keeping my body fit. And I know that Zinc is an essential mineral for every man who wants to maintain good physical condition. That's why I make sure our wrestling team takes Z-BEC®. It's rich in Zinc—a metal 'more precious than gold' for helping a man stay in shape."

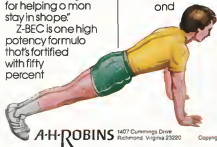
Z-BEC is one high potency formula that's fortified with fifty percent

more than the U.S. recommended daily allowance of Zinc—the mineral not available in most formulations.

What's more, Z-BEC gives you an extra supply of the B-Complex vitamins and Vitamin C... vital elements that your body cannot store. And since these important vitamins are water-soluble and

eliminated daily, you may need more than you get from your daily food intake.

Let Z-BEC fulfill your body's normal needs for 6 essential B-Complex vitamins, as well as Vitamin E, Vitamin C and Zinc.



A-H-ROBINS

1407 Cummings Drive
Richmond, Virginia 23220

Copyright, 1980





"I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT EVERYONE ELSE IS DRINKING THESE DAYS"

Sure, in school I drank beer. Because everyone else drank beer. Crushing the cans was real important, too. And then there was what I call my "wine phase." You know, wine with everything. And everyone.

The funny thing is, there are still people out there who order what everyone else orders. That's fine with me... but I'll have an I.W. Harper. Because the only "smart" thing to order is what you like.

So, like I said, I have no idea what everyone's drinking these days. Except me and a few friends.



I.W. HARPER.
WHEN YOU KNOW WHAT YOU LIKE.

19TH HOLE *continued*

HEAVYWEIGHT DRIVER

Sir:

Now your readers know what those of us who are serious about motor sports have known for some time: Paul (a.k.a. P.L.) Newman (*The Perils of Paul*, Aug. 25) is no lightweight in motor racing; he is good at it, and he is a professional. My thanks to you and to Sam Posey, who is no Sunday driver himself.

JAMES H. HEINE
Dorsey, Ill.

ANATOMY LESSON

Sir:

My compliments to William Nack on a very fine article about the tragedy of J.R. Richard (*Now Everyone Believes Him*, Aug. 18). However, as I looked closely at the diagrams displayed by Dr. Charles McCollum in one of the photographs, I noticed that the aortic arch shown is clearly not that of a human. It looks like that of a cat!

The human aortic arch has three branches arising from it, not two as shown in the charts. The proximal branch is the brachiocephalic, or innominate, artery. This branches into the right common carotid and the right subclavian. This part of the diagrams is correct, and is where J.R. had the blockage. However, the diagrams display only one more branch coming directly off the arch, when there should be two more: the left common carotid and the left subclavian. Instead, the diagrams show one connecting trunk, with the left common carotid and left subclavian branching off it, which is the way it is in cats. No excuses, now, because the arch is outlined with a human form.

TED NAMM, PH.D.
Associate Professor of
Anatomy and Physiology
University of Lowell
Lowell, Mass.

Sir:

Were it not for the gravity of the circumstances surrounding J.R. Richard's illness, I would find the sketches of his aorta and branches very amusing. They are not of any human, or cat, dog or other animal I have dissected in 20 years of teaching human anatomy and embryology.

GORDON L. NOVINGER
Associate Professor of Anatomy
San Bernardino Valley College
San Bernardino, Calif.

• Dr. McCollum assures us that J.R.'s aortic arch has the right number of branches. The drawings, he says, were done hastily by a new, young illustrator in the medical illustrations department of Baylor College of Medicine. McCollum looked only at the parts he was concerned about—the areas showing the clot—which, as reader Namm points out, are correct—Ed

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, New York, 10020

Chosen #1 in

**People
Pleasin'**



Treat Yourself To An Extra 40 Winks.

Holiday Inn® hotels are closer to your business
and that means more time for you.

Holiday Inn gives you the widest choice of the most popular locations. So you can choose the one that's closest to your business appointments. And that means you can treat yourself to a later wake-up call.

So whether your business is in the city, the suburbs, at the airport or in small towns, you'll find us right where you want to be. And of course, every Holiday Inn hotel gives you our famous "no surprise"™ standards for your comfort.

Our #1 People Pleasin' Locations and Standards™ are just some of the reasons we please more travelers than anybody else.

So, next time you travel, let us be #1 in pleasing you.



*Holiday
Inn*

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

© 1994, U.S.A., Inc.

A close-up photograph of a man with a mustache and light-colored hair, wearing a light-colored button-down shirt. He is holding a white cigarette in his mouth and looking directly at the camera with a slight, knowing smile. The background is dark and out of focus.

Golden Lights. You really know you're smoking.

Give up double digit tar. But don't give up the pleasure.

Kings and 100's
Regular and menthol

Two packs of Golden Lights cigarettes are shown in the foreground. The pack on the left is white with green and gold accents. The pack on the right is a solid tan color. Both feature the Golden Lights logo, which consists of a stylized 'H' inside a square frame.

**Golden
Lights**